THE COMMONWEAL

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BENEDICTION UPON THE SEAS

MULTITUDES in the twilight, carrying in their souls a radiance more striking than the torches they bear in their hands, have from the beginning best symbolized mankind's religious awe. A crowd is always a community; and whenever faith is real it does not remain an affair of the isolated soul, a silent experience, but becomes a unifying power welding men together, expressing a triumph over individual weakness achieved by the surrender of each one's personal strength. Therefore the vision of the seer of Patmos is that of a vast throng, forever circling to the rhythm of blest outcries. The creeds of Greece and the Orient developed this same instinct in a fashion which, imperfect though it be, gave birth to the most memorable hours in antique history. And of course, Jewry, especially at the time of Our Lord, called a whole believing folk together for the festival of the Passover and the Feast of the Tabernacles.

This last, it seems to us, was especially dear to the Saviour. We judge from the carefulness with which He observed the ritual of this occasion and the eagerness with which He made His own mission conform with it, that He loved it both for itself and because of the image it afforded of future jubilant convocations inside His own kingdom. And perhaps nothing about the Passion is so poignant as the fact that while the Redeemer hung on the cross that rose so stark over Golgotha, the children He loved were singing in the streets, and men and women were hastening to complete the preparations for the great Sabbath day. Then, certainly, some angel must have comforted Him with the thought that, in ages yet unborn, millions of His disciples would crowd together in populous cities, with reverence and serene charity, mercy and confidence, to celebrate all that He had meant to their race and to themselves.

When Christ was dying beyond Jerusalem, men did not as yet know anything about the Americas or Australia. The wisest rabbi understood no more of the world than that Rome was a vast empire fringed with barbarism, and that some Jewish citizen had gone down each one of its multifarious highways. How incredulous he would have been if told that in a century to come, upon a continent in the southern seas—a new Atlantis discovered by dauntless traffickers—a procession transcending everything Israel had known would carry the immortal Body of the Son of Man! And even to us, who live in a cosmopolitan time, there is something almost incomprehensible in the circumstance that Australia has celebrated this year its pageant of the Eucharist, even as we celebrated ours two years ago last June. Or rather, the world has

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staged a sacred festival in Sydney, calling together men of diverse races and climes, so that He might be lifted up again in a glory more illustrious than was even the sorrow of Golgotha.

Nothing very new is to be said regarding what actually took place in Sydney. The services, the addresses, the august delegations—these were all very much like what have come to be the attendant circumstances of a Eucharistic Congress. Of course the occasion sponsored closer attention to the religious history of Australia, much of which is singularly moving. Early Catholic residents there, mostly victims of an unfair political situation, clung to their faith with a fidelity never outdone during any period of diaspora, and so prepared the way for the tranquil conditions now obtaining. They were hardly conscious of the tremendous domain which was to be added to the world in the South Seas; but they kept their appetite for the everlasting pastures, before which the sadness of earth is only a flitting cloud.

Yet it is into this cloud that Christ came to remain. Well might the "convicts" of days gone by yearn for the Eucharist, and well do their children in these days do it homage. For this Sacrament is more radically different from the rest of the world than life is different from inorganic matter, or spirit from the clod, or emptiness from the firmament of stars. We need not wonder that when the Saviour first spoke of Himself as "the bread of life," even His most intimate disciples were completely at a loss as to what He meant. They had expected some transfiguration of earthly circumstance—perhaps a return to paradise. No earlier religion had taught that God would sometime change loaves of wheaten flour, or cups of wine, into His own Body and Blood. Of course the lamb of the Passover, slain and eaten reverently, had abided throughout the ages as a symbol; but its meaning was too august to be understood, since even we ourselves, inured to familiarity with these mysteries, do not understand.

It is merely clear that the Eucharist completely altered the nature of man's faith. The ancient Hebrew was taught that one who saw God would instantly die; but the Christian feasts upon Divinity in order that he may live. In a most profound and radical way, humanity has turned from terror to confidence, from rigor to love, from the promise of death to the assurance of immortality. It passed into a kingdom wherein there could not be any famine of the soul. Its granaries were forever filled with an everlasting harvest. And so nothing could be more appropriate than that our Eucharistic festivals should coincide with the season of reaping what has been sown in the fields. And the crowd is a crowd of gleaners, upon whom the gold of the wheat casts an unearthly glow. So evident have these things been to the ages that mark the history of Christendom that the liturgy grew as naturally out of simple spiritual habits as the social life has developed out of a few social customs. Men saw what vistas were opened to the understanding, and so added one thought to another in a series that crowds the whole year with transcendent wisdom. They sensed the possibilities of their own destiny, and were moved to weld together innumerable links of prayer in order that all their needs and desires, from the most earthy to the august necessities of immortality, might be forged into one chain. But the source of all is the harvesting of Christ himself, with the promise of the reward of life.

Marvelous beyond comparison it is. If the transformation of a handful of seed into a bundle of ripe grain be a thing wonderful beyond the possibility of understanding, what shall we say of this sacramental change through which brute matter climbs back into the bosom of Divinity? And so, perhaps, we may be permitted to say that the foremost practical conclusion to be drawn from what has happened in Sydney is this: realization that Christianity is a religion of the miraculous, not indeed in the sense of "faith cures" and sundry superstitions, but in the sense that faith does rise triumphant over the world. Not even the fixed laws of the universe can resist its power; but its most illustrious efficacy is in the realm of man. Nor is this "man" to be conceived of only as an individual, in whose soul the processes of grace are creative of unimagined nobility. He must be thought of, too—and has been so visualized throughout the best years of Christian history—as a member of the mob. The miracles of faith can be wrought in the community. They can refashion the whole collective human soul. They are able, in the ultimate analysis, to build a kingdom out of a multitude of stragglers.

We need very much to understand this in a time when so much confidence has been lost. Something akin to profound pessimism rests upon contemporary mankind, which speaks of the "downfall of culture" and "iron economic laws" in tones of deadening resignation. The heart has gone out of crusades. Children are not born, because those who might be their parents doubt the virtue of life. We have talked so long about human nature as a "constant" that we have come perilously near to denying the possibility of redemption. Buddha's recipe of dreamless slumber is immensely popular once again. But in the midst of all this—the desolate weariness of sages who have experimented with every atom of energy to be squeezed out of the unaided human machine—there sounds, at Sydney and indeed from every one of a myriad tabernacles, a sublime bravado that can only be Divine: "Faith moveth mountains: He that believeth in Me shall live forever."

One hopes that crowds will be enkindled anew with this enthusiasm to which the shackles of mortality are straws which the sickle slays. And therefore this year has been given a new sign—of multitudes gathering in the presence of the humility of God, for a benediction that rests upon the seas. It has been borne home to all of us once again, as it must have been before, that earth is verily no strange land.

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MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH MARY KOLARS

GEORGE N. SHUSTER

JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Business Manager

Editorial Council

T. LAWRASON RIGGS JAMES J. WALSH

CARLTON J. H. HAYES R. DANA SKINNER

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

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WEEK BY WEEK

PORTO RICO has been devastated by a storm which leaves several large areas practically barren of the means of subsistence. The United States, which has done so much to render the island fruitful and habitable, will doubtless also provide its share of the necessary relief. It is especially urgent that spiritual institutions, churches and schools be reëstablished as quickly as possible. Meanwhile one's attention is drawn to the sinister part which the hurricane has played in Caribbean drama, and to the similarity existing between present conditions and those which prevailed when Europeans first arrived in the neighborhood of Cuba. These great storms have materially affected the course of American history. La Salle's great dream of establishing a French empire in the Mississippi valley, to recall only one case, was wrecked by a series of Caribbean storms which halted his progress, scattered his fleet and ultimately rendered impossible the success of his mission. Civilizing efforts of various kinds have heard their death sentences in the howling winds. It is characteristic enough of the white man that he has virtually surrendered the idea of living in such a place to children of another race, gifted with a less determined and more fatalistic view of human fortune on earth.

CONDUCT at the League of Nations testifies to the difficulty of facing political realities. Superficially considered, M. Briand's address on the subject of the Rhineland occupation and kindred matters was an exhibition of swimming against the current of Locarno and the Kellogg treaty. In essence, however, it was probably no such thing, but only a form of playing for the stakes ultimately desired. The "Anschluss" demonstration in Vienna had been a tactical blunder from the point of view of a Germany desirous of proving that all its "obligations under the Versailles treaty" were discharged. Nothing so directly opposed the French demand, strong because it is born out of popular conviction, that central Europe must not be organized under the hegemony of Prussia. Such an organization would immediately undermine the supremacy of France, and so destroy the greatest fruit of victory. Briand could therefore argue that since the drift of events was hostile to the Versailles intention, the Rhineland occupation must continue until the payment of reparations and the progress of disarmament had been fully guaranteed. Such a guarantee in turn can only be obtained, unless the clear intent of the existing agreements is to be ignored, by lumping war debts and reparations together so that the United States is made the sole creditor of Germany.

WE BELIEVE that compliance with this veiled request would afford the best settlement of the whole problem, but there is absolutely no reason to suppose that Washington will give its assent. In the first place, the political situation here must remain unsettled until well into next year, so that there is no chance for agreement upon so grave a problem. Even then the unwillingness of American citizens to enter "European entanglements" will, unless all signs are misleading, not have abated to a point where consideration of a plan so magnanimous will be possible. It is sincerely to be hoped that France has not been misled by the Kellogg treaty into believing that "isolation" is a thing of the past. The one issue upon which the United States as a nation is seriously in the international pool has been sufficiently illuminated by the proposed Anglo-French naval agreement. Even though this be nothing more than a "way of facilitating naval disarmament" by disposing of differences between the British and French views, it has been veiled in too much secrecy and associated too closely with the memory of last year's Geneva conference to arouse anything but suspicion and preparedness talk here. Briand will have to face the truth that neither war debts nor other problems can be disposed of by juggling.

GERMANY'S point of view at this time is extraordinarily interesting and significant. Even the most pacific groups are alarmed lest the Versailles settlement may become a kind of international code rather than a series of specific demands. The treaty said nothing to the effect that the Reich was to retain indefinitely the mentality of a conquered country. Such a requirement would, in all truth, be impossible to meet, for the reason that every German knows that defeat could not have been administered by continental foes alone. More serious to thoughtful Germans and

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Austrians, however, is the influence which a wofully chaotic and augmented Balkan territory must exert upon their own status. The recent funeral of Stephen Raditsch, Croatian leader who was slain in the Belgrade parliament, was the occasion for much query as to what might happen if the nationalistic ferment is not in some way reduced by the restoration of federation as a principle. No one hopes for a return to the Hapsburg idea or method, but a great many feel (in a manner the reasonableness of which will hardly be doubted by those who have glanced at Balkan conditions more than haphazardly) that some vision of the same sort is badly needed. From this standpoint the "Anschluss" looks not so much like an attempt at expansion as like an effort at self-preservation for the Germanic peoples. Here, too, are realities difficult to face but impossible to iron out of a universal picture everybody wants to find peaceful.

AT LAST the utility of Senator Curtis has been fully demonstrated. We do not wish to deny that he is an exemplary and helpful citizen, but the point had not been made impressively until just the other day. The National Women's party, which demands a constitutional amendment stating that the sexes are equal, has come out for the Republican ticket because the Senator "stands unqualifiedly for equal rights." It would seem that Mr. Hoover, for his part, merely admitted the equality on principle, holding that another amendment to the basic law is too serious to be disposed of in an offhand way. This attitude may be the result of the perplexities which Number Eighteen has engendered, but it is more probably the unvarnished child of common sense. Just why the National Women's party desires to wipe out all legislation favoring women in order to gain a legislative plum is a little difficult for all outside the organization to comprehend. There are some existing laws in several states which call for revision; there are other laws which confer a marked premium upon femininity and which should be maintained. But even though the authoritative voice of Senator Curtis has spoken, there is no constitutional provision on the subject which a man of Mr. Hoover's intelligence and experience could recommend to wives, mothers or even mere men.

HUMAN nature has long since been labeled the premier contortionist, but one wonders how even it can survive the strain of political combat. Witness, for instance, diverse eastern Republicans who are still guessing at precisely what Mr. Hoover thinks about prohibition. Their best answer is that the issue is not yet ripe for national discussion—that most citizens are still interested in watching the "experiment," and that their candidate himself is too experienced a man not to be impressed by facts, when these have been accumulated in sufficient number. But meanwhile Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, who played the cornet on the Hoover band-wagon, has assured sundry thousands of Methodist clergymen that their religion must get into the campaign. "Take to your pulpits," was her command, and doubtless every friend of Mr. Machold and Senator Moses spent a gloomy and sleepless night. For if the clergymen do get into the pulpits obediently, Mr. Hoover may be swept into a maelstrom out of which rescue is impossible. On the other side of the fence, Senator Robinson is still explaining. Apparently he likes to feel that the Smith remarks on Volsteadism were purely academic, and that when the shouting is over everybody will settle down once more to the great national industry of frisking ship's passengers and cataloguing bootleggers' funerals. No doubt this serenity is disturbed by anxious moments all its own. But who expects any serenity before November?

THE colonization of Tanganyika, project precious to the British government, is to be aided by the rifle of the Prince of Wales, who is on his way to hunt big game in what was once German East Africa. We are not to suppose from this that royal marksmanship is necessary to rid the country of unpleasant beasts. What is required is a hunter in the Paul Bunyan, rather than the Daniel Boone, tradition. According to one version of the story, when the prince of lumberjacks fired his rifle, the shock was enough to level hills, dam rivers, fell trees, sweep all the rocks into the Rocky Mountains, and thus leave the soil ready for the plow, the sower and the seed. Such a hunter is Wales, and such his rifle. As a result of his hunting, we are told, Tanganyika will receive valuable publicity, will even become fashionable; the wealthy will buy ranches there, and the real colonists, farmers, carpenters, miners, blacksmiths, brewers—"hearts of oak" all—will follow in due time. Kings have dealt in publicity, and a man mightier than many kings, Prince Bismarck, was an adept in the greatest of all the psychological forces that today are remaking the political world.

EIGHT missing windows in the choir of the cathedral of Chartres are to be restored. The money has been given by Mr. Rockefeller, and the work is to be undertaken under the direction of competent authorities. This is important news to thousands of art lovers and religious pilgrims, although some of them will doubtless be more than relatively worried. The horrors of art reproduction are still too vivid to be easily forgotten. It must be admitted, however, that the recent history of Chartres itself is reassuring. The removal of the matchless glass began already at the close of the thirteenth century, when some people clamored for more light at their prayers, but reached a vandalistic climax 500 years later. Then, after another century had passed, the work of restoration was begun. So skilfully has this been accomplished that only a few experts are aware that there has been any tampering with the mediaeval handiwork. The modern glassmaker has recaptured most of the secrets of the craft,

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and has at his disposal a wealth of archaeological references which make the task of copying rather simple. It is said that the eight missing windows can be almost exactly reproduced; and certainly what has been done since 1918, when the Chartres glass was removed to avoid the risks of chance bombardment, substantiates the truth of this assertion. The result of Mr. Rockefeller's generosity ought to prove genuinely noteworthy. Authorities tell us that, in order to appreciate fully the loveliness of mediaeval glass, it is necessary to see it in an edifice where there are no clear windows, so that the eye, accustomed to the obscurity, can adjust itself to the tone of the color. Chartres has long since best fulfilled these conditions and promises, in the future, to concord perfectly with them.

REVISION of crop forecasts spreads the news that the year's wheat yield will equal the bumper harvest of 1915. Similar optimism characterizes the prediction regarding corn, so that in all probability the quotations on grain are due for a slump. The question of surplus is therefore bound to come up again, especially in so far as the large wheat growers are concerned. It is not, however, immediately apparent that a bumper crop must be considered disadvantageous to the majority of farmers themselves. Live stock and dairy products now constitute the chief sources of rural income; and experience during several lean years seemed to indicate that feeding expensive grain to animals whose yield is virtually constant economically is not good business. Adequate statistics regarding this and sundry other agricultural topics are not available. Certainly they ought to be garnered in before the nation commits itself to any important program of relief. Meanwhile, listening for what the presidential candidates have to say will be extremely interesting.

NO DOUBT Mr. Magnus Alexander's recent analysis of business conditions, which bears the stamp of authoritative knowledge, must be construed as a portrait rather than as any kind of ideal. The heart of the scene is "the coincidence of most satisfactory earnings by many corporations, particularly the larger ones, during a time of sharp price competition, with the existence of a relatively high and at present increasing percentage of business failures." Gilt-edged stocks have been soaring and bringing in quantities of extra dividends; but a surprising number of long-established smaller industries have passed into the hands of receivers. To Mr. Alexander this trend seems to indicate the effects of "rationalization," otherwise known as efficient management, in the face of new conditions. A surfeit of capital has stimulated production, both of raw products and manufactured goods, to a point where market glutting is frequently attained. The remedy lies in increasing sales through a simple process of inducing the public to buy more. Where this can be applied, the producer reaps the benefit of increased output. It is, however, an expensive medicine which the "small man" is not in a position to utilize. Retailing must naturally fall in line with the general economic practice, so that the department and chain stores are dealing the village or neighborhood merchant a body blow.

THESE outlines are very simple and as nearly correct as could be desired. Whether they ought to be viewed optimistically is another question. The problem does not lie in the more or less sentimental realm where preferences for the independent shopkeeper or tradesman as against the servant of a corporation are likely to persist. Economic necessities must be supplied in the best and most frugal way; and independence in production or selling has long since been largely a myth. But there are many obvious reasons why the corporation means human concentration. The one large plant or store is served by workers who must live under its shadow, with all the heavy economic loss that involves, and who are utterly dependent upon it for means of subsistence. When the factory employing 13,000 shuts down, social misery of the direst kind results. Insurance against this is demanded, but it is exceedingly difficult to see how it can grow out of existing conditions. Possibly the current Ford plans for decentralization will throw some light upon a situation that grows increasingly chaotic.

TOLSTOI remains, at this time of his centenary, one of the best-known figures in recent intellectual history. Though there are few in the United States who now adhere to his spiritual doctrine with the enthusiasm professed by William Dean Howells, he symbolizes for us all a movement toward Russian regeneration which the Bolshevik upheaval brought to an abortive close. Chaotic and outlandish as his later tenets frequently were, they expressed a harrowing desire for redemption which still moves a modern heart profoundly. Thus he reminds us not so much of the early Christians (for his concept of the Saviour was badly marred by vehement prepossessions and the dogmatism of science in his day) as of those late antique disciples of Plato who were driven by disgust with their surroundings to visions of rebirth in the simplicity of spiritual living. Nor can one note without deep sympathy that Tolstoi, in his effort to arrive at salvation, dispossessed himself of that which he really was—the artistic personality. He is certainly one of the greatest among recent novelists. Dozens of books continue to follow in the wake of Anna Karenina, and War and Peace overshadows all more recent attempts to paint a social canvas in the colors of literature. It is an excellent thing to look back upon such a man, provided one sees him in the right way and is not misled by the lurid gleams of his mistakes.

NO KIND of advice is so widely given and so eagerly sought after as information about when and how to love. We have no intention of offering any

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ourselves, though we may properly assume that we are competent, seeing how little experience, knowledge or even common sense are needed to qualify for the job. An instance to the point is a recent writer in the Pictorial Review—a magazine which, by the way, is normally not so insipid as are most publications for women exclusively. After asserting the great discovery that "the truly glorious relationship" is "the complete mating of two equals," the author goes on to remark that the only example of this ideal "enduring in marriage" is the love between the Brownings. In view of the circumstance that literary history, to speak of no other, remembers the love of Patmore, Hawthorne, Steele, Sir Thomas More and Schiller, the declaration really does not seem authoritative. The error of fact is, of course, not important. What matters is the constant reiteration, under the mantle of wisdom, of a romantic fallacy which assumes two people can hardly expect to make a masterpiece of their common life. This opinion our present author fortifies by declaring that "in poetry or drama" perfect love is always outside matrimony. One can only conclude that what is needed is less writing about love and more reading of poetry and drama.

ON SEPTEMBER 12, the School Sisters of Notre Dame, one of the oldest and largest teaching sisterhoods in the United States, witnessed the laying of the cornerstone of their new college, Saint Mary's of Milwaukee. Thus a dream long cherished has been brought close to realization. We are happy to participate in the joy of the occasion and will have more to say regarding the ceremony at a later date. The new college is the expression of a "different" educational idea and will constitute the only Catholic institution for the higher training of women in the state of Wisconsin. So much hard work has gone into preparing for this new venture that success is, one may reasonably suppose, assured.

ONE statement in a recent interesting address by Mr. Hilaire Belloc is eminently worthy of consideration. "The Catholic mind," his hearers were told, "cannot admit in history the presumption of progress. Your man of the past would not be pleased to find himself in the present, any more than the man in the present would be pleased to find himself in the past." All this may be true—or may not be true—but one wonders just how it becomes necessary to the "Catholic mind." Of course the kind of "advancement" posited by materialists who flourished some fifty years ago is too ridiculous to appeal to anyone. But it does seem that progress in another sense is a legitimate idea, and even a soundly Catholic idea. From the point of view of faith and doctrine, for example, the present has surely a great advantage over ages past. The process which Newman termed "development" has been steadily at work, illumining things which long remained dark. Nor can one avoid believing that the "leaven of Christ in the world" has been more and more productive, regardless of what happened to a comparatively limited civilization in Europe during the sixteenth century. It seems undeniable, likewise, that various other matters which Saint Thomas characterized as the especial goods of the soul have been increased. Has there been no advance in knowledge, in respect for the rights and lives of others, or even in the mere number of those who enjoy at least the goods of existence? We find ourselves waxing unduly optimistic and so hasten to pause. But after all, a certain measure of optimism may be only mere gratitude.

THE SOUL RETURNS

A STUDY of the opinions expressed annually by successive occupants of the presidential chair of the British Association for the Promotion of Science affords an extraordinary picture of flat contradictions by men of the first rank in science. Twelve months ago we commented on the address of Sir Arthur Keith, an anatomist and the curator of the great museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in London. This was a glorification of Darwin and all his theories in which, as we then pointed out, a purely materialistic view of living things, including man, was taken. Later on in his year of office, Sir Arthur committed himself to a definite denial of the existence of any such thing as a soul. Every medical man, he is reported to have said, knows that when a man dies, it is as if a candle were blown out—no more life, as no more light.

There is a story—perhaps legendary—respecting another anatomist who declared that, having dissected carefully many human bodies and found no trace of a soul, he did not believe that there was any such thing. Sir Arthur did not give this ridiculous reason for his disbelief, nor any reason but just flat denial. No doubt he was wise, for, as a matter of fact, the methods of science which are devised for use in connection with material, dimensional objects are quite inapplicable to a spiritual, non-dimensional substance like the soul.

Amurath to Amurath succeeds; and a few days ago it was the duty of Sir Arthur to induct into the chair which he himself was vacating Sir William Bragg, the president for 1928-1929. Most people are aware that Sir William is one of the greatest physicists living: a Nobel prizeman as the discoverer of many startling facts on the nature of matter, which he has set forth in delightfully clear language in a book reviewed not so long ago in these columns. Incidentally, he is the father of another William Bragg, almost as distinguished a physicist as his parent.

Sir William devoted a large part of his address to proclaiming his belief in that soul which his predecessor (seated beside him) had denied, declaring that science was not come to destroy the soul but to place soul and body in proper relationship. With the remainder of his interesting address we are not con-

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cerned here; but one remarkable point must not pass unnoticed. It has often been noted that biologists whose business leads them to observe living things are far more materialistic, in their obiter dicta at any rate, than physicists whose life work it is to investigate matter. The last example of this fact is before our eyes in the persons of the two distinguished men whose names are mentioned above. Why is this? One well may ask, and the answer is not far to seek. The physicist analyzes matter to the end of his powers. He finds minute electrical corpuscles—electrons and protons, and, if Sir J. J. Thomson is right, even smaller divisions, such as the constituents of the "electric field" —and he finds them all in motion. Matter and motion—the age-long problem. Where did the matter come from, and what set it going and keeps it going? The physicist cannot answer either of those two questions and, needs must, he becomes a metaphysician. For he must and does feel that there is something beyond all his discoveries which his scientific implements cannot reach.

On the other hand, the biologist knows that a great many things in the workings of living things are explicable by chemistry and physics, and he is prone to jump to the conclusion that everything which is there is also explicable in similar terms. There it is where he makes a mistake, and he makes it usually because of his ignorance of philosophy, which he not infrequently talks of as "mysticism"—a word of utter reprobation in his vocabulary. It is also where he comes into opposition with the chemist and physicist, who will have nothing to do with theories of this kind.

TWO DOZEN BASSOONS

THE bassoon is defined as a "wood-wind instrument of a very low tone." It seems to be a perfectly harmless object, but its definition does suggest the highly developed human mole who is burrowing into the existing political terrain. Diverse persons have attempted to ferret him out, the Republican party has officially repudiated him, the consciences of innumerable citizens have rebelled at the very mention of his presence. He nevertheless lives on, emerging in the form of post cards, pamphlets and unsigned letters. The "low tone" which distinguishes him is, no doubt, his greatest asset. It appeals to that subterranean part of human nature, which is a composite of inherited and accumulated prejudices, willingness to believe the worst about others, and a sadistic delight in dirt. Something like it enters into every dramatic conflict that absorbs great crowds of people. But when such a conflict envisages religion, however remotely, the tone gets lower and lower until it is positively vile. Perhaps Satan does not participate in our mundane discussions until there is mention of a creed!

Among these moles and bassoons we do not reckon the Protestants who have deliberately and publicly voiced their antagonism to the candidacy of a Catholic. To Lutherans and Methodists, in convention assembled, who officially profess to believe that the Church's "concept of civil government" cannot be reconciled with "American practice and tradition," we attribute no meanness of temper. They must have established their conclusions on some kind of evidence, and it is possible for a man to be mistaken without being malicious. We do very earnestly believe, however, that such a declaration, coming at this moment, has, inevitably, several disastrous consequences. In the first place, it identifies these communions with the dispensers of scurrility, instead of adding their voices to America's condemnation of a method even less virtuous than blackmail or slander. Secondly, it manifests an assumption so obviously dangerous that one wonders how a citizen can be indifferent to it—the assumption that civic equality in this country is impossible. For, since the constitution directly gives to every citizen the right to be made President, if his fellowmen so choose, the disqualification of Catholics is logically a result of their exclusion from the office. Who does not see that such an action is the most dangerous of precedents? May it not follow that tomorrow a Lutheran may be disbarred, and the day after a Methodist?

Finally—and this is by far the most important aspect of the situation—the action of Lutherans and Methodists injects into political discussion a matter which belongs only in religious debate. We concede to these communions the right to differ with Catholics regarding specific doctrines or disciplines. Their consciences are their own, and for their processes of reasoning they alone can be held responsible. In a spirit of religious earnestness, we and they can consider what routes have verily been traced by God. No Christian will deny that such meditation is at the same time a prayer for light and courage. But when one has brought these august inquiries down to the level of partisan passion, and made them contingent upon the heave and toss of political conflict, one has debased and sullied them to the scandal of those around. Who can say whether or not the spectacle of divines in convention assembled, who carry the holiest possessions of the temple into the very centre of a political mêlée, may not be the point at which many a soul begins its departure from the sacred highway?

We shall not talk here of evidence regarding the problem under discussion. So many Catholics have already spoken of what Catholic civic loyalty is, ideally and historically, that no brief comment of our would be valuable. It would be useless, also, to invite attention to Wesley's opinion of the American Revolution, or to the peculiar notion of "separation between church and state" which the Lutheran communion still advocates in Germany, Norway and elsewhere. But we do wish to remark that, if one million signs are not hopelessly incorrect, no creed will survive in this country which uses illiberalism of mind and heart as a method of attack upon others.

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CATHOLIC CULTURE IN OUR SOUTHWEST

I. ELDORADO ON THE RIO GRANDE

By MARY AUSTIN

FEW Americans realize that there is within the United States a distinctive regional culture which, apart from what it owes to a uniquely picturesque background, takes all its color from Catholic practice, and for the whole of its aesthetic and social life is still centered about the living Church. Nor has the group to whom this culture belongs escaped notice because of numerical insignificance, since it comprises 40 percent of the population of a state within which several of the original New England colonies could be easily hidden away. No doubt the isolating effect of a language other than American is partly responsible for the neglect of the cultural contribution of the Spanish colonies which, less than a hundred years ago, were incorporated within our boundaries. But the greater part of such neglect must, I fear, be charged to an even more characteristic incapacity of the American people to take in, much less to estimate correctly, cultures other than that which they have haphazardly produced.

There was nothing haphazard about the settlements that grew up along the Rio Grande in the "siglo de oro," that golden century of Spain in which Lope de Vega and Calderon and Cervantes wrote, in which the Escorial was built, grand opera begun, the king composed dramas and the people were as much interested in literature as they were in bull-fights. The colonization of New Mexico began in the search for gold, which initiated the whole adventure of the western world, but it burgeoned in a zeal for souls for which our modern age has no adequate term of comparison. It is in this missionary impulse that we find the essential distinction between the religiosity of the eastern and western settlements. More than race or social tradition, it is a distinction of approach. The New Mexican colonists came not only out of the great age of Spain, but out of the great age of the Church. In Spain the Faith was still untouched by the schisms which drove the Pilgrim fathers to the new world. The English colonists gathered their religious convictions to their bosoms and fled with them to the wilderness; the Spanish went crying theirs aloud with trumpets and banners. When one compares the actual adventure of the two movements, the one which settled Plymouth colony and the one which took possession of the country north of the Rio Grande in the name of God, the king and Saint Francis, one sees that the latter must have been touched with the more leaping flame.

There was, first of all, a longer sea voyage; then the four months on horseback through an imperfectly conquered country and across a nearly trackless desert, out of all reasonable reach of supplies or succor. For New England snows and frosts, there were drouth and sand storms and sudden floods, and though the Indians of New Mexico were less warlike of temper and more nearly civilized, their greater numbers, higher organization and the immensely greater distance from possible relief more than made up for anything the New England colonists had to dread. And yet the adventure of the Southwest was undertaken not only with high spirits, but with considerable magnificence.

There is an account of that first entrada under Juan de Oñate, and its equipage, which alone is sufficient commentary on the spirit of the Spanish pioneers. One has only to read of the Adelantado's apricot doublet and sky-blue small clothes, his crimson velvet and gold laced satin, to feel that their sitting down on the banks of the Rio Grande when they reached it, to entertain themselves with a comedy of their own adventure, was exactly what might have been expected. The next day they crossed over out of the country within which the king's writ ran with some semblance of power, and took possession with great ceremony of that scantily explored region of which the first stage is still known as the "jornado del muerte"—the journey of death.

It has been wittily said that the first thing the Puritans did after reaching the new world was to fall upon their knees, and the next thing to fall upon the aborigines. What the New Mexican colonists did was to invite their aborigines to a drama performed wholly on horseback, in honor of the foundling colony, of the taking of a Moorish city by the Christians. Then they proceeded cheerfully to the baptizing of some thousands of the natives. For if the Pilgrim fathers came, as they felt, seeking religious freedom, the Spanish, as they believed, came with the gift of spiritual freedom and salvation in their hands. And it is this difference of approach that, in the face of equal hardships and perhaps greater dangers, gives to the Spanish entrada a note of high anticipation, lacking from any other colonial enterprise in the new world.

The Indians of New Mexico had, in 1598, which was the year of Oñate's foundation, attained a high level of civil and economic life. They lived in well-built towns, in houses of sun-dried brick, neatly whitened within and without, and sustained themselves chiefly by agriculture, raising large crops of corn, beans, squashes and melons on irrigated lands; and partly by the hunting of wild game, and trade in turquoises, cotton cloth, skins and dried buffalo meat.

They carved, spun, wove, made shapely and handsomely decorated pottery, and many other articles of

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use and beauty. All these arts and crafts they taught to the colonists, along with the use of herbal remedies, plants hurtful and helpful, such as had taken them a thousand years to learn. And, except for the use of metals and modern tools, there was not much in the way of material benefits that the colonists had to offer in return for the first hundred years. It was ninety-four years, to be exact, before anything could come into the new country except on horseback, and then only a crude, solid-wheeled carreta drawn by mules and oxen. It was only after the caravans of the Santa Fé trail began to penetrate the Southwest that the appurtenances of modern civilization began to make their appearance in any degree in the Spanish colonies.

During the intervening 200 years they lived in houses differing from Indian houses only in having doors and windows, instead of being entered by ladders from a hole in the roof. They ate the same food with the addition of a few vegetables, grapes and orchard fruits introduced by the Franciscans, and wore much the same sort of clothes. For, as the Indians accepted sheep raising and wool from the colonists, the colonists took cotton and buckskin from the Indians.

After the settlement was assured there began to be annual trade expeditions to Chihuahua in old Mexico, by means of which a few luxuries began to find their way into the homes of the ricos (rich ones): wheat bread began to supplement corn in the general diet, and beef to take the place of buffalo meat. But until the railroad came, the economic life of the common people of New Mexico varied little from that of the Indians. And this may have had something to do with the fact that marriages were more usual between the settlers and the natives than elsewhere between Indians and American settlers. These occurred first between the Indian women and Spanish soldiers, for the Catholic Church never has countenanced the exploitation of native women by the army which has been the bane of white occupation the world around.

It is true that Indian women in New Mexico were socially much superior to the traditional "squaw"; modest, housewifely, completely clothed in wool or cotton garments of native weave, with neatly coiled hair and specklessly whitened buckskin boots; and withal devout. Any hard-boiled Spanish trooper who secured one of these to head his household in the new colony was to be counted fortunate.

From all the above it is to be inferred, in spite of many things now discredited which were altogether of the times, that the relations of the colonists and the Indians were better adjusted humanly than in other pioneer settlements. It is true that in the early years, Indians taken in raids were held in a state of peonage little better than slavery, and that the zeal of the missionaries sometimes outran their discretion in attempting to suppress Indian customs which the Indians themselves did not feel at variance with their newly adopted Christianity. And to the resentments thus created were added oppressions growing out of the greed of the politicians for gold, beginning to be mined in the desert mountains. All these things so worked upon the aboriginal mind that, in 1680, the Pueblos rose against the conquistadores, killed a number of the priests, defiled the churches and drove the settlers, whom they enormously outnumbered, as far south as El Paso. The Spaniards came back, however, in 1692, under Diego de Vargas and, after a brief struggle, the Pueblos were reëstablished under Spanish control and, with the exception of Zuñi, all the New Mexico towns renewed their allegiance to the Church. In every tribe certain individuals remained recalcitrant, but on the whole the Pueblos may be described as Catholic, each of them maintaining its own Church under its own oficiales.

Along in the eighteenth century a common interest between settlers and Indians was created by the appearance of the Navajos on the northwest and the Comanches on the northeast, nomadic, rapacious peoples whose practice it was to wait until the patient Pueblenos had ripened a harvest, and then descend upon it in devastating hordes. In these crises the unwarlike Pueblos were glad of the aid of the Spanish soldiery, and all the threatened settlements were driven into closer communion of defense. Later, when Texas undertook to include what is now New Mexico in her own adventure of empire, the people of the Rio Grande communities resisted with a vigor that is not yet forgotten. Finally there was a faint show of opposition to the United States, ending with an assimilation to American ideals which led, during the world war, to New Mexico's being among the first states to complete her quota of volunteers. "We old American families," said the Spanish-speaking New Mexicans, "feel that we ought to be the first to come forward." And they did.

The social development which took place within this brief historical outline was much more dramatic. Both its dramatic quality and its cultural achievement have been obscured by the common habit of referring to the modern representatives of the Spanish colonials as Mexicans, which they never were by more than political courtesy, just as Mexico was never, until its declaration of independence, anything but an appanage of the Spanish crown. On the day that Maximilian stood against a wall facing a firing squad, New Mexico, hemmed in by Louisiana and the American settlements, cut off from Spain by the intervening new republic on the south, became nominally Mexican through a revolution in which it had never participated, of which it remained largely ignorant for some months after it had occurred. That the territory which was later acquired was thus politically considered a part of Mexico at the time the United States took it over, has been the source of much misinterpretation, since its society was actually founded by scions of old Castilian families who brought with them, for the setting up of their new estates, chiefly from their own home towns, artisans, carpenters, blacksmiths, weavers, workers in

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wood and wool and iron, a few farmers and orchardists, vineyardists and wine-makers. A few slaves were included in the first settlements, and a few laborers. There was also the soldiery, which, as has been already described, showed a disposition to take Indian wives; and there were the clerics, priests, friars and lay brethren of the order of Saint Francis. Along with that first colony, and probably with each one subsequent, there came a number of natives from old Mexico in the capacity of muleteers and packers. These remained in the new colony, and occasionally in Santa Fé, where Oñate's Thalascalans were chiefly settled, one sees when the men walk bareheaded in the procession of Corpus Christi day, the peaked skulls with the hair on the crown standing up stiffly, the index of Aztec inheritance. But of these there were never more than a few score.

Lastly there was the official group, so constituted by appointment, who, with the large land owners, made a colonial aristocracy around whom clustered the rest of the population in relations of more or less social and political interdependence with the patron. After the Americanos came, this uncertified and apparently indestructible relation to the patron, its loyalties and distinctions, was a stumbling block to people who have no allegiances that are not regulated by strictly economic considerations. That, under these nearly feudal conditions, from which the exigencies of pioneering removed the more objectionable features, the southwestern colonies were happy, and economically as prosperous as they cared to be, there can be no manner of doubt. They lived in a few royal villas, towns established by kingly charter, and on the great estates, where the clustering of all activities around the hacienda created self-sustaining communities. Their houses were well built and commodious, their furniture handmade on Spanish models so far as that could be accomplished with the native materials. The leading occupations were farming and cattle raising and wool growing.

Trade was carried on by means of annual "conductas," armed caravans of mule packs, as far as Chihuahua. One such expedition required from two to three months for its accomplishment, and was participated in by anybody who had anything to trade; hacienderos with brood mares or rawhides or piles of gay zerapes, ceboleros—professional buffalo hunters—with robes or horns or dried meats, trappers with beaver pelts, Indians with turquoise, miners with raw bullion. Usually the pack mules, muleteers and armed guards, which included the return trip, were furnished by the managers of conductas, for a consideration, with oranges, spices, sugar, drugs, silk shawls, calico, ladies' combs, books, guitars and all the appurtenances of gentle living. It was the custom, with the force almost of law, that no young man of good family was thought able to marry until he had made a conducta and brought back from it, as profit on his venture, the trousseau which he was expected to bestow upon his bride. In addition he was also expected to take part in a Navajo raid and bring back a captive maiden to wait upon her. That these captives should marry into the estate and contribute to the population was the expected thing.

Such was the political and economic background of what is, in some respects, the most productive pioneer culture ever established in the northern continent. Along with these went one other contributing factor without some knowledge of which it is impossible to understand what happened in New Mexico, why it happened, and what, in round terms of the future, may be expected to come from it. I refer to the influence of the Church which, for the whole of the colonizing period until the coming of the Americans, about 1830, was the sole and absolutely excluding conscious cultural influence, either in the lives of individuals or upon the community as a whole. New Mexico was not the only Catholic culture which was started in the new world. It was the only one which, by the accident of its geographical isolation, achieved a contribution completely native to its environment and, at the same time, so American as to deserve this special study of it, a study which to receive its proper appreciation demands the full space of another article.

The Stranger

I met him in a secret place
Beneath a star-entangled tree.
He wore a mask upon his face,
Over his heart a blazing shield,
And he was cloaked in mystery.
I met him in a quiet field.

Of two that walk the earth by night
(O save me, Jesus, in my danger!)
But one shall see the morning light
That saw the evening star before.
I wrestled with this fierce dark stranger,
Limbs twining round our dumb hate's core.

So cruel he was that all night long
I died, I shriveled to a skull,
For he was sinuous and strong,
For he though quick was nothing human,
This stranger lithe and terrible,
And I was weak and born of woman.

The long night waned; my heart was cold
With frost of doom, when suddenly
The dawn flung javelins of gold
Out of the east; my foe's proud head
Drooped low; he swooned, limp effigy,
Leaving me wrestling with the dead.

I joyed to gain the mastery,
I laid the stranger by my side
(My fierce mysterious enemy)
And kneeling in that secret place
I looked beneath the mask . . . and cried,
And wept aloud, to see my face!

STANLEY J. KUNITZ.

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THE SOUTH AND SMITH

II. FROM ROANOKE TO BIRMINGHAM

By ARTHUR KIMBALL WALKER

AS FAR as the reaction of the Protestant, dry, rural South to the nomination of the Catholic, wet, urban Governor Smith is concerned, Georgia is a cross-section of the South. Everywhere Democratic leaders, including drys as ardent as Josephus Daniels, have pledged their support; nowhere east of the Mississippi and south of the Ohio has a Democrat who is a national figure deserted the New York Governor. In the entire South Senator Owen seems to be the only exception. Even Senator Simmons, one of the most unrelenting of the nominee's foes before the convention, refused to say he will bolt. The nearest approach to a desertion by a national figure to give aid and comfort to the enemy is perhaps the Alabama senior senator's lapse into silence.

In Virginia, as in Georgia, the most influential newspapers are committed to the support of the Democratic nominee. The Norfolk Virginian-Pilot, whose editor has long admired Governor Smith and urged his nomination, declares:

> No matter what happens to Alfred Emmanuel Smith in the election four months hence, the Democratic party will have won. . . . The party may lose the election, but no defeat next November can deprive it of the spiritual victory in June. [But] there is reason, better reason, than has existed in sixteen years to hope for a Democratic victory.

Commenting on opposition to Governor Smith because of his religion, the Lynchburg News, Senator Glass's paper, says that it knows little about the doctrines of the Catholic Church,

> but it does know that Alfred E. Smith answers in the negative the questions of its correspondent [apparently Mr. Marshall] and has answered them in the negative all during his political life. It knows, too, that any effort of President Smith to change his views and apply those changed views to the administration of his office would be the act of a fool, something Alfred E. Smith most assuredly is not. It knows that it would forever blast him and ruin the cause of his Church in this country.

The News, which has committed itself to the support of the Governor, expresses surprise and regret at "a campaign of slander" against the nominee "from the pulpit of a church in the largest city of the Old Dominion." It continues:

> Governor Smith is a man of unquestioned integrity and demonstrated ability. He was not the choice of Virginia, but there is nothing in his personal or public record to prevent Virginia Democrats from supporting him and very much in that record to make them vote for him and give him the usual Virginia majority.

The Roanoke Times knows no reason why the Democratic nominee, "the best Governor in the history of the state of New York," should not have "a united and militant party supporting his efforts to carry the party banner to victory." The Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch sees in his nomination the Democratic party

> rising above and overpowering prejudice and narrowness and illiberality and frantic faddism and bigotry and intolerance. Whether Governor Smith is defeated or victorious, the Democratic national convention deserves well of the nation.

The Suffolk News asks:

> Suppose the Catholics of the country went about the land proclaiming they would not vote for Mr. Hoover because he is a Quaker; what would real, red-blooded Americans think and say of them? Yet their position would be just as tenable and American as that of those who are fighting Governor Smith because he is a Catholic. The Democratic South has shed too much good blood and has wrought too well for American institutions to be party to the destruction of one of its great fundamentals.

The Newport News Daily Press is supporting Governor Smith, it says, because he is running not as a candidate of any denomination but of the Democratic party, and it "believes that if elected he will give the country a wise, honest and able administration, uninfluenced by ecclesiastical meddling." And the Hopewell News, after dismissing as unworthy of consideration the anti-Catholic arguments advanced against him, supports him

> as the choice of the Democrats for the Presidency. As the Richmond Leader suggests, if the ultra-drys want to bolt the party and establish a klan of their own, good riddance.

"There will be no serious bolt on the part of southern Democrats this fall," the editor of the Asheville, North Carolina, Citizen, Pulitzer prize winner in 1924, declared since the convention in an address before the Institute of Public Affairs at the University of Georgia, for such a situation would result in the reappearance of the Negro as a formidable factor at the polls, something he asserted the people of the South are not ready to countenance. The Citizen had long predicted Governor Smith's nomination on the first or second ballot. Josephus Daniels, also of North Carolina, a dry of drys, concludes his pledge of loyalty to the nominee in his Raleigh News and Observer by declaring:

> I prefer to support Smith, even if I do not agree with him in regard to his letter to the convention, and fight

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> him in his attempt to influence Congress [on the question of prohibition]. North, East, South and West face the common foe with every indication of success in November.

The Durham Record, which regards it as "not only easy but a pleasure to support the Democratic national ticket, especially against what the Republicans are offering," reports that the High Point Enterprise, the Hickory Record, the Charlotte Observer, the Raleigh Times, the Greensboro Record and the Asheville Times are satisfied or pleased with the ticket, and that the Winston Journal, the bitterest of Smith's opponents in the state, will only predict that "the party will live through the campaign, and no matter what happens to Tammany, North Carolina Democracy is safe." "The party's choice is our choice," the Shelby Star declares, and it asserts that the Democratic standard-bearer "is probably not as wet as Hoover." The Kingston Leader, committed to the Governor, is, however, worried over the prospects of its county going Republican and the Albemarle Herald expresses the view that religious bigotry may send some of the southern states into the Republican column, an opinion that finds but few echoes among southern supporters of the Democratic ticket. Bryan, however, defeated Taft by only 22,000 votes in North Carolina in 1908, and Coolidge polled 191,000 out of a total of 475,000 four years ago.

There is less talk of refusing to support the Democratic ticket in South Carolina than in perhaps any other southern state. Chief Justice Watts, for whom the South Carolina delegation cast its ballots at Houston, has planted himself conspicuously in the ranks of Smith advocates. "Smith means victory," declares the Charleston News and Courier. "This year the Democrats fight to win, not simply to keep the organization alive." The convention's action, says the Charleston Post, "may, if it will—and even in spite of itself—sweep on to victory, a popular, not a partisan victory, in November." The Greenville, Spartanburg and Columbia papers, with those of Charleston the most influential in the state, are earnestly supporting the Democratic ticket. The Greenwood Index-Herald, which believes that to deny the presidential nomination to Governor Smith would have been party suicide, asserts:

> Governor Smith is worthy of whole-hearted support by his fellow Democrats. The Index-Journal accords him that support and wishes him mighty well in the campaign.

And the Florence News-Review asserts that

> the time has come for party harmony, of united strength toward a just cause that will bring a glorious victory in November.

The influx of Northerners, many of them Republicans, to Florida, has occasioned the prediction that the resulting situation, together with anti-Catholic and prohibition disaffection, would lose the state for Smith. The Jacksonville Times-Union says that the idea is "abhorrent, and must be swept back by a united Democracy." The unalarmed Jacksonville Journal asserts:

> It is not to wonder that Senator Moses despairs of breaking the solid South. He has ample reason to have no hope of breaking the vote of the South when such outstanding leaders [as Carter Glass, John Sharp Williams, Pat Harrison, Josephus Daniels and others] have taken their stand with Governor Smith.

Senator Fletcher plans to take the stump for the nominees. The St. Petersburg Times believes they "will receive more votes than any others that could be selected" but they have great obstacles to overcome, although the decision of the convention should cause southern Democracy to "become reconciled, if not satisfied."

Commenting on the assertion of a southern minister in New York that Louisiana is the only southern state in which Smith has a chance, the Pensacola Journal expresses its opinion that "this preacher is rather careless about facts." It denounces the lynching of Governor Smith in effigy by Alabama Klansmen and asserts that the more the religious issue is raised, "the more will Democratic voters rally to the cause and the more certain will be a Democratic victory this fall."

> Not since Roosevelt's day has a candidate appeared on the scene with so many and varied attributes as Alfred E. Smith possesses,

the Orlando Sentinel declares, and the Tampa Tribune, in an editorial headed, Quit This Loose and Foolish Talk, says that talk about Florida going Republican "will not be indulged in by any true Democrat." The Tampa Times asserts:

> Indeed, unless one goes out of one's way to manufacture one, there is no reason why any citizen of this country might not be proud to vote for Al Smith for President—especially is there no reason why any Democrats should not support him.

The St. Augustine Record advocated Governor Smith for the nomination. The Fort Myers Tropical News, which refers to the religious issue raised against Governor Smith and asserts that the state, as the playground of the nation, "has far more reason to decry intolerance and sectionalism than any other place in the country," finds the press of Florida loyal to the Democratic nominees.

> So far we have noted only one outright bolt and that is a trivial weekly up at Palmetto which was promptly spanked for its action by its influential neighbor, the Bradenton Herald. The dailies of the west coast seem to be unanimous in accepting the decision of the Houston convention.

Commenting on Governor Smith's rise to his present position of leadership, the Plant City Courier informs its readers that

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> students of political history tell us that never since the beginning has an individual made himself supreme when the principles of a democratic people were endangered. The mass is greater than the individual.

The Palm Beach Independent expresses the conviction that there is no danger of the state going Republican because of the Smith nomination.

The Gainesville Daily Sun rejoices:

> Once more the good old standard of Jefferson, Jackson and Wilson will be waved aloft with a challenge written upon it which bids fair for victory in November. The party does not underestimate the strength of its opponents, but it has the weapon with which to fight, [principally the personality of its standard bearer] whose character is above reproach and whose personality moves millions to cheer his banner.

The Leesburg Commercial has not

> the slightest doubt that the solid South will remain solid, and those who opposed Smith before his nomination will learn to admire him and his principles before the campaign is very old.

The Miami Herald pays little attention to the efforts of clerics to influence their congregations against Governor Smith. Members of these congregations "are not going to be bound in civic affairs by their ecclesiastical superiors, and that is as it should be," it says, and it quotes the Tampa Tribune as follows:

> If my vote is to be delivered in the ruthless manner that the [Methodist] conference seeks to deliver it, then by heck I'll find me another church, one that does not attempt to dabble in politics, machine politics.

Alabama has, by virtue of its representation in the United States Senate, the reputation of being perhaps the most anti-Catholic state in the union. The Montgomery Advertiser in the capitol city reported two weeks after the Houston convention that

> all the bolting newspapers we can find in Alabama are the pro-Klan Abbeville Herald, the pro-Klan Luverne Journal and the pro-Klan Foley Onlooker, frequently charged with Republican leanings. The Jackson South Alabaman recommends bolting. The Shelby County Reporter has not committed itself but shows a disposition to deride those newspapers which are supporting the ticket.

The Advertiser, an enthusiastic supporter of the Democratic nominee, believes that this list "accounts for those editors who now are ready to cross that there Rubikin River." It refers to the charges of a personal character made by some of these newspapers against Governor Smith, that he "has to have from four to six highballs every day," for instance, and predicts that "next week we shall doubtless learn that he boxes the ears of old men and pushes old women off the sidewalks."

In Alabama as elsewhere in the South, the most conspicuous of the bolters are ministers. A Birmingham minister, who admitted his opposition to Governor Smith because of his religion, asserted from his pulpit: "I do not see how any 100 percent American can vote for Al Smith. I am against him to the end." The Birmingham News asserts that this minister is a British subject and, according to private information, has said he will never be an American.

> There is his privilege [the Montgomery Advertiser concedes] but he is a pretty preacher to be preaching to Americans on true Americanism.

The Birmingham Age-Herald, which urged Owen D. Young as the logical leader of Democracy, and which "faced the nomination of Governor Smith with distinct reluctance" because of the obstacles it saw before him in the presidential race, pays the nominee one of the most striking tributes that has appeared in the southern press and announces that its reluctance "in the light of what has happened at Houston is now pushed aside"; it is supporting the convention's choice vigorously. Discussing his religion, it asserts that

> if Smith could be Governor of one-tenth of the people of the United States without permitting his religious belief to affect his walk and conduct in any respect, he can and will pursue the same course when presiding over the destinies of the whole country.

The Birmingham News, which also had a different candidate before the convention, pledges its unstinted support to the election of Governor Smith and sincerely invokes all Democrats to pledge theirs.

The Mobile Register, far from enthusiastic for the nominee, nevertheless asserts that

> party abandonment at such a time would mean surrender to those who would unwisely and improperly bring harm upon the party's integrity, the party's treasured heritage.

These newspapers are in the larger cities of the state, and anti-Catholics have long been circulating the report that the city press of Alabama is largely Catholic-owned and controlled, a charge that these papers have repeatedly shown has not the slightest foundation in fact. But four of the six pre-convention supporters of the nominee were in the smaller cities, the Selma Times-Journal, the Dothan Eagle, the Headland Wiregrass Farmer and the Opp Weekly News, edited by a Primitive Baptist minister. The other two were the Montgomery Advertiser and the Mobile Post, the latter a weekly.

One of the leading prohibitionists in the South is L. B. Musgrove, owner and publisher of the Mountain Eagle at Jasper. In his race for the Senate against Senator Underwood he received the support of the W.C.T.U. and the Anti-saloon League. He has been one of the most liberal contributors to the cause in the South; he was designated by William Jennings Bryan as a man "ideally qualified for the presidential nomination." He was vigorously opposed to Governor Smith before the Houston gathering. His Mountain Eagle is now supporting the nominee, and says in a widely quoted editorial:

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> His opponents have said a great deal about Al Smith, but they have never said he was not honest. The Eagle believes Smith, as President, would enforce the prohibition laws better than Mellon's crowd, and Congress with only a handful of wets in both houses will take care of our prohibition law. The Roman Catholic bugaboo can be dismissed as ridiculous. The Pope can't control the Italian government. If he can't control governments where the people are 90 percent Catholic, how can he control America, where only one out of seven is Catholic? There is no religious qualification for office in the United States. The Eagle, like all true Democrats, is for Smith and Robinson.

The Athens Courier says:

> The Smith-Robinson team is headed direct for the seat of government, and a finer, more classy team was never put in harness than this team of great leaders, leaders whom the people have learned to trust. When you hear a man say he could not vote for Smith because he is a Catholic he might just as well say he could not vote for Robinson because he is a Methodist.

The Opp News attaches no importance to the religious arguments against the Democratic candidate:

> Governor Smith will be elected and we believe that he will make as good a President as any we have had lately. We will take one shot on him having our heads chopped off. If he does that, we'll never again cast our vote for him.

The Huntsville Daily Times recalls that it was a

> pioneer in the cause of prohibition and law enforcement. We have unswervingly stood by that policy all these years and shall continue to do so, having at the same time always supported the Democratic nominee and we shall always continue to do so. Now, we feel and know that we are not yielding any of these principles of right when we lend our influence and support to Alfred E. Smith for President of these United States. We want the party to win in November, and it will under Smith's leadership.

The Lafayette Sun is published in the Alabama senior senator's home town. It was vigorously opposed to the nomination of Governor Smith "almost to the point where we have become prejudiced against him," it admits; it did not like his advocates, his liquor views, the idea of electing a Catholic as President in this crucial hour, and a few other things. But

> it is far from us to believe that the personnel of that great Democratic caucus was made up of those party leaders who would want to destroy the party for a mess of pottage. These leaders from almost every state in the union have seen fit to nominate Al Smith as the Democratic standard-bearer and then reach down into the heart of the South to name a southern man as a running mate. Our advice to Democrats everywhere is to stay with the ship.

And so it goes throughout the South. Former Senator John Sharp Williams, answering a letter from the editor of the Jackson Daily News inquiring if he would support the Democratic nominee, says:

> Of course I will. I am more than surprised, in fact I am astounded, if there be any man knowing me who can doubt it.

He fears the influence of the Bishop of Rome at the White House in the event of Governor Smith's election no more than he would

> Bishop Bratton interfering with or influencing my administration of such affairs if I were in the White House, although the Bishop of Mississippi is my "spiritual superior."

Senator Harrison of the same state, keynoter at the Houston convention, predicts that the Democrats will carry the solid South and the nation in November. In Tennessee the most influential newspapers outside the normally Republican sections have taken positions similar to those of their contemporaries in neighboring states. Tennessee, however, is a "doubtful state."

Despite Governor Smith's urban origin, therefore, despite his connections, despite his attitude toward prohibition and, above all, despite his religion, the press and Democratic political leaders of the South who have expressed themselves are overwhelmingly committed to the support of the party's nominees. There are many in both classes that have not announced themselves directly; observers believe the number of bolters among them will be no greater proportionately than among those who are known.

Opponents of Governor Smith in the South are basing their hopes on the extreme prohibitionists, on the anti-Catholics and on the women as well as on the regular Republicans. Faced with the evidence of the support pledged to the Democratic nominee, they cite instances where candidates have won despite the all but unanimous support of the press and party leaders. Anti-Smith and pro-Hoover clubs are being formed under the leadership of men who were Republicans by conviction before the New York and Houston conventions. The chief weapon of the anti-Catholic, anti-Smith element is the whispering campaign; the principle argument is propaganda like the fake oaths of the Knights of Columbus, the Sinn Fein and the Jesuits. Representative Republicans and sincere anti-Smith Democrats disclaim responsibility for such tactics and repudiate them, but they flourish nevertheless.

That the candidacy of the "wet" Senator Reed or Governor Ritchie would inspire similar antagonism on the part of most of those now opposing Governor Smith, few will believe; that the difference is founded principally on Governor Smith's religion, few will doubt. That a South, or any considerable part of it, which would undoubtedly have supported the Protestant Missouri senator or Maryland governor will bolt the Catholic governor of New York is, in the light of the attitude of the press and political leaders of the section, at this writing highly improbable. The election in the South will be a test of influences, the newspapers and the political leaders lining up against the political clergy, with long odds against the clergy.

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THE NEW JUST PRICE

By HOFFMAN NICKERSON

ALL things, says Michelet in one of his great phrases, must from time to time return to their origins or perish.

Of nothing is this more true than of recent efforts to remodel the economic life of Christendom. Wherever these efforts have been constructive they have aimed to curb the excessive individualism of nineteenth-century industry and to restore something of the ordered liberty once achieved by the mediaeval gilds. Of course no reasonable man either expects or attempts a complete reconstruction of the past. That would be an idea in the moon. What is sought is that, where the principles of the past have proved beneficent, they be applied to the conditions of the present.

Thus it is not surprising that the authoritative texts of the Catholic social movement refer again and again to the middle-ages. For instance, Pope Leo XIII in the fourth paragraph of his De Rerum Novarum says with regret:

> The ancient workmen's gilds were destroyed in the last century, and no other organizations took their place.

Toward the end of the same great encyclical he returns to the subject as follows:

> History attests what excellent results were effected by the artificers' gilds of a former day. They were the means not only of many advantages to the workmen, but in no small degree of the advancement of art, as numerous monuments remain to prove. Such associations should be adapted to the requirements of the age in which we live.

And so on. Again in the 1919 national pastoral letter of the American bishops, we find these words:

> When her social influence [and by this they mean that of the Church] was greatest, in the middle-ages, the prevailing economic system was such that the workers were gradually obtaining a larger share in the ownership of the lands upon which, and the tools with which, they labored. Though the economic arrangements of that time cannot be restored, the underlying principle is of permanent application. . . .

These authoritative texts stand upon a considerable and growing literature concerned with mediaeval economics: a literature already distinguished by such admirable work as Martin St. Leon's Historie des Corporations de Métiers and his Compagnonnage, Tawney's Religion and the Rise of Capitalism, together with the same author's Acquisitive Society, and George O'Brien's Mediaeval Economic Teaching.

Meanwhile the business world, without reference either to religious authority or to mediaeval precedent, has shown signs of developing a conscience of its own. The catch-word of "service" we need not consider: by definition, no economic activity has any other purpose than to serve human needs, and that is that. Nevertheless, behind all the guff which offers so fine a target to our satirists, the fact remains that industry itself is beginning to seek a cure for its own evils.

If the philosophy of modernism corresponded to the facts of the real world, then one would expect to see the business world, in its efforts to reform itself, turning further and further away from those mediaeval memories which are, so the modernists tell us, the root of most of our evils. Especially one would expect to see this in our own country, predominantly Protestant in religion, and cut off not only by the Atlantic but by our entire colonial and national history from that older world of which so many lovely things out of his own past perpetually remind the European.

The fact is otherwise. We make a California Quaker Secretary of Commerce and he promptly leads an enthusiastic procession of labor leaders and "practical" business men straight back toward the mediaeval principles of the Catholic social movement.

At this point certain distinctions must be made. No one claims that Hoover invented the new conscience of industry: on the contrary, that conscience has grown up gradually from many sources throughout the last three decades. To say that—like Minerva in the old pagan story—it sprang full-grown and full-armed from the brain of any one man would be merely silly. Neither does anyone maintain that the Department of Commerce has been studious either of Catholicism or of the middle-ages.

What I do maintain is that there is among Christian men an instinct for order and decency; that from this instinct the constructive reform of industry proceeds; and that Hoover by his personal qualities and by the organization he has built up, has mightily assisted that constructive reform. It is a striking and indisputable fact that, over and over again, Hoover and the Department of Commerce, working not from a formula but from a spontaneous conviction of what should be done, have gone far to achieve ends identical with those proposed by the Catholic social movement.

This is evident in three developments: the stabilization of industry, the encouragement given the different commercial and industrial groups to draw up for themselves codes of "fair practice," i.e., economic morality binding upon the group, and the own-your-own-home movement.

We shall be concerned here primarily with the first of these; but before taking it up, it is proper to say a word about the method by which the results have been achieved, all the more because that method is itself congruous both to traditional American ideas and to the spirit of Catholicism. It is good old American doctrine to believe in liberty and to resent the encroach-

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ments of government. And it is the glory of American Catholics, in these days when every half-baked "reformer" has his or her own pet scheme for the further curtailment of freedom, that Catholics are in the forefront of the defense. Thus, to take but a single instance, all the world knows that Catholics are unanimous in their resistance to any attempt by government to dictate in matters of education.

To this spirit of liberty, at once Catholic and old-fashioned American, Hoover has been quietly steadfast. Taking office as he did in 1921, when half the governments of post-war Europe were busily experimenting with various "controls" of industry, a smaller man might well have been tempted to follow their example. He has preferred the less showy, less costly, and in his hands more effective method of voluntary conferences participated in by those concerned or their representatives, informed by preliminary, fact-finding "reconnaissance surveys" coördinated but by no means dictated by the Department. Under less skilful direction both surveys and conferences might have wandered off into mere waste of time and money. Instead, each survey was able promptly to present a body of facts upon which, as a basis for discussion, the conference could agree, and each conference found Hoover and his Department helping them to reach wise decisions which were their own and in no way forced upon them. In each case real progress was made without the sacrifice of liberty, and that in itself is no small achievement.

I now turn to the first of the three instances in which modern American industrial practice has gone far toward achieving the aims of the Catholic social movement, that of the stabilization of industry. This was the work of two of the conferences whose method has just been indicated, both of them growing out of the President's conference on unemployment, first that on business cycles and unemployment, and second, that on seasonal operation in the construction industries, of which two particular conferences, the first, on account of its wider scope, more clearly illustrates the point to be made.

First as to the contemporary fact: we all know in a general way what the business cycle is. Philosophically speaking it is a part of the flux, the perpetual ebb and flow, as of waves and tides, which we see about us in nature and in human life. In economic life it is to some extent inevitable. The economists of our grandfather's time played up this inevitability. Scarcity of any article, they said, will tend to increase its price which will in turn tend to increase production. This increased production, together with competition among the producers, will tend to bring prices down and with them the producers' margin of profit, until production slackens and the original condition of comparative scarcity is reached, when the whole round begins again. The trouble with these nineteenth-century economists was that, in insisting upon the inevitability of industrial ups and downs, they ignored the all-important factor of degree. Starting from the undoubted fact that a certain amount of economic fluctuation could not be helped, they went on to the false conclusion that the most far-reaching, the most abrupt and the most inhuman forms of fluctuation must be freely permitted. All of which was a little like saying that, because a pendulum must swing, it must be allowed to go slashing to and fro killing people right and left exactly as in the nightmare The Pit and the Pendulum, imagined by the unhappy genius of Poe.

The men of the middle-ages made no such childish error. They saw the inevitable fact of economic ups and downs clearly enough, but they also saw that those ups and downs could be moderated precisely as an engineer building a road cuts through sharp ridges and runs bridges and embankments across ravines.

Our Catholic ancestors tackled the job in two ways: first, industrial and commercial life was regulated by gilds, and second, the Church worked out an "economic morality" in which the most important point was the doctrine of the just price.

Interesting though it is in itself, we need not here discuss in detail the stabilizing work of the gilds. Let it here suffice that a determined and on the whole a successful attempt was made to steer a middle course between the anarchy of unlimited competition and the deadening effect of over-regulation, that the state was always ready to punish exceptionally grave offenses, but that the separate industries were normally expected to run their own affairs through their gild organizations. The details of how this was done may be the more easily passed over inasmuch as the various measures employed were all meant to contribute to the maintenance of the just price.

The just price was not a single set price: it had what the artilleryman in range-finding calls a bracket, that is, an upper and a lower limit. Within those limits a seller might charge what he pleased: should he sell above or below them he was held to have committed a sin in so doing for which he must do penance and make all possible restitution before he could be absolved. It was quite as wrong to sell too low and thereby deprive producers of a fair return as it was to pick the pockets of consumers by selling too high.

On the theological side, the best-known authoritative definitions of the just price are—naturally enough—those of Saint Thomas, although perhaps the most detailed treatment was that by Saint Antonino the fifteenth-century Dominican who became archbishop of Florence and has listed an almost infinite number of forms of fraud possible to the textile trade.

Naturally, given mediaeval conditions of transport, the limits of the just price varied from city to city and from district to district. In each community, however, they were fixed by what was known as "common estimation," which in practice, so most students believe, took into account the local cost of production.

Of course the practical effect of the doctrine was a turn toward stability.

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It is a commonplace of history that, beginning with the sixteenth century, economic life more and more escaped from religious and social restraint, until within the memory of men still living an unlimited greed for gain and even the gambling instinct, working under conditions of unlimited competition, were actually praised by scholars and tolerated by public opinion.

In 1921, as chairman of the President's conference on unemployment called to consider the disastrous business slump then going on, it would have been futile for Hoover and his committees to have talked about the just price. The readers of The Commonweal will agree with the writer that it is not the business of governments or any agency thereof to innovate in morals. Instead, the Hoover Committee on Business Cycles and Unemployment—Owen D. Young was its chairman and Matthew Woll, of the American Federation of Labor, was one of its members—took their stand on the fact that severe slumps in business conditions were almost as distasteful to the business world as to the unfortunate laborers thrown out of work. Widespread unemployment was, of course, the most distressing symptom of a bad slump; Hoover himself wrote in his brief foreword to the Committee's printed report:

> No waste is greater than unemployment, no suffering is keener or more fraught with despair than that due to inability to get jobs by those who wish to work.

At the same time unemployment was only a symptom, and while it was itself deserving of relief, still it could only be treated by removing its cause which was the existence of the slump.

When the slumps themselves began to be studied, it quickly appeared to the Committee that each one was itself merely the result of an excessive boom. In the vernacular, they were the hang-overs of economic jags. If you could moderate the jag, you could eliminate the hang-over. The problem thus became one of preventing excessive booms in order to prevent the slumps which must follow each excess.

At this point the question became one of how to appeal to the self-interest of the business world, and in this the first step was to make this self-interest an enlightened one. Business men must be educated to the idea of an organized effort to anticipate changes in conditions, and in order that this anticipation might start from a solid basis of fact, reliable data on conditions must be collected and promptly published. The statistical service had to be increased, and timid or distrustful firms must be assured that no particular information they might hand in might be published to their detriment, but would only appear in the total average. At the same time, scholarly research as to the effect of different trends and economic forces should be encouraged. This was the substance of the first group in the report of the committee's recommendations.

The second group of recommendations centered about the control of credit. Since booms are accompanied and in part caused by excessive borrowing, the banks, from their strategic central position in industry, can see more clearly than the individual manufacturer or importer the limits after which genuine prosperity tends to pass into unwholesome inflation. They are then in a position to warn their customers and to curtail their loans so that the volume of goods available may not too far exceed the immediate buying power of the community. The Federal Reserve system ought also to play its part.

In the third place, the Committee found that there existed in the construction industries a possible balance-wheel capable of being used with great effect. Thus private home building, manufacturing plant expansion and governmental projects might well be postponed in boom times and taken up again in times of depression, and this not only with advantage to those activities themselves but also to the benefit of general conditions in moderating the business cycle. The same was true of construction work on the railroads and in public utility enterprises in which rates are fixed by law.

In this connection it was found that, independently of the business cycle, the construction industries were unnecessarily seasonal. Accordingly, a second committee was formed to deal with the unemployment and economic waste caused by this particular factor. In this matter the progress made can be expressed in figures and, as a result, the subsequent charts of construction activity show a marked flattening of the seasonal curve.

Finally, the original Committee discussed palliatives, such as employment bureaus and unemployment reserve funds to which both employers and employees should contribute.

The Committee's report is a monumental one. In Hoover's own words,

> A constant feeling of the great human problem involved pervades it and is in itself a tribute to the highest thought of American business.

The just price aimed at stability, and any approach to stability makes for the return of the just price.

Lament for a Decadent Poet

The bottle empty, like the purse,
And credit gone (those scurvy inns!)
The papers caring not for verse,
This week, about the Deadly Sins,

What is there left but go to work
(O base, exasperating thought!)
Amid the daylight things that irk
The Chosen whom the heavens taught

To strike the lyre, that the youth
Of all the land might fill their bins
Of worldly wisdom with the truth
(Uncensored) of the Deadly Sins?

VAUGHN FRANCIS MEISLING.

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COMMUNICATIONS

AMERICA THREATENED

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editor:—I am very glad to accept membership on the committee that is being organized to counteract the vicious propaganda now operating against Governor Smith on the ground of his religion. I do this, however, chiefly to express my own disgust at the ignorance and superstition now rampant and in order that I may go on record as another of those who, though not Roman Catholics, are nevertheless Americans and are outraged by this recrudesence of blatant bigotry, operating through the most cowardly and contemptible methods.

It is my firm conviction that every word uttered by Heflin, Straton, Dieffenbach et al., works in Mr. Smith's favor, and that instead of trying to suppress these persons and counteract their influence, the Democratic party should further in every way their activities. During the last two generations intelligence and culture have been increasingly submerged by a rising tide of that ignorance, bigotry and otiose superstition that are one of the penalties of our present social system, but I believe these qualities are inherent and congenital; they are not engendered by argument and propaganda and no one not already predisposed toward these opinions is induced to accept them by extraneous means. On the other hand, I know from personal experience that many who would otherwise have voted for Mr. Hoover, are so sickened by the present agitation and appalled by its implications, that they will vote for Mr. Smith even though they may be unsympathetic with certain of his views.

As you know, I am absolutely opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act (emanations from the same source that is responsible for the present vicious assault on Catholicism) and at first I was inclined to hold that this was the major issue in the present campaign. I no longer believe that this is so and I am persuaded that, apart from any other merits of the case, it is necessary to elect Governor Smith in order to strike at least one blow against the sinister and ominous influence that, cloaking itself under the name of certain forms of Protestant religion, is the most perfectly organized agency in the United States, and the one which most immediately threatens whatever we have left of civil and religious liberty, strikes most deeply at the very roots of constitutional government, and, if successful, would result in the dominance of illiterate vulgarity and the worst sort of mob psychology, over those qualities of intelligence, rectitude and sound judgment that alone can guarantee the safety and continuance of popular government.

During the past forty years I have had the privilege not only of traveling but of living for considerable periods of time, in many Catholic countries, notably in Spain, the most Catholic of all, not even excepting Ireland, Belgium and Mexico. In Spain I found the most democratic society, the greatest liberty of action and the most evangelical religion of all the countries I know. I believe my experience will be endorsed by others who have had the same opportunities. The campaign against Catholicism emanates from those who know little or nothing, through personal experience, either of Catholic countries or of Catholics. They inherit a body of gross superstitions from a long line of equally ill-informed ancestors and these are fortified by partizan "histories" and the irresponsible lucubrations of "reformed priests and escaped nuns" operating "for revenue only." A very small group of really educated people have, for one reason or another, given their support to this body of invincible ignorance, but they are not sufficient in number to control the vote in one ward of a third-rate city. The working force is the great mass of ignorance, prejudice and illiteracy that weighs down the republic like a stone and is primarily responsible, because of its inertia on the one hand and its crude mental processes and violent, unintelligent action, on the other, for most of the ills we suffer from today both socially and politically.

The greatest danger to the republic is neither capitalism nor the trade unions; neither party tryranny nor communism; not even materialism nor the license and the wildness of the "younger generation." It is quite simply the threatened and complete control of government and society by the body of ignorance, prejudice and superstition, already so powerful that it has Congress and most of the "practical politicians" in leash, and is itself responsible not only for constitutional prohibition and many other coercive and anti-social acts, but also for the latest assault not only on religious liberty, but on the very fundamentals of culture, intelligence and honor.

RALPH ADAMS CRAM.

WHAT I SAW IN MEXICO

Edgemere, L. I.

TO the Editor:—Many comments come to my mind on reading Mr. Saunders's article, What I Saw in Mexico, but since a full discussion would take one too far afield, I shall confine my remarks to three points, namely, the constitutionality of the religious, or rather, anti-religious, provisions of the constitution and other statutes, General Obregon's attitude toward the Catholic Church and President Calles's hatred of the Church.

According to the system of jurisprudence of civil law countries, a law which is unenforced for a period of years ceases to be a law and cannot later be revived except by formal reenactment by the legislature. This principle is at variance with the Anglo-American system, but it is, none the less, well established. By virtue of this principle, therefore, the anti-religious provisions contained in the so-called Reform Laws and other legislation, since they became and remained a dead letter during the major portion of Diaz's régime, could not be enforced as the law, even admitting that they were duly enacted by competent authority, a point which could well be disputed.

Nor did the reënactment (with a vengeance) of these provisions in the constitution of 1917 have the effect of reviving them. The constitution of 1857, which was in force prior to the promulgation of the later one, provided, of course, for amendment by the state legislatures. The question of the amendment of the old constitution, or the enactment of a new one, was not referred at all to the state legislatures and hence the constitution of 1917 is void from its very origin, even if we were to admit that the constituent assembly was legally called. In order to purge the constitution of 1917 of its bastard origin, some intellectuals, or intellectualoids, were at great pains to cite precedents which were irrelevant and some even put forth the doctrine of a "pre-constitutional period." According to them there had been a constitutional interregnum between the constitution of 1857 and that of 1917 and hence the latter was legally enacted. This doctrine, of course, is untenable.

But, admitting that the anti-religious provisions of the constitution of 1917 were binding as law, the fact that they were generally unenforced for nearly nine years had the effect, under the principle I have stated above, of rendering them void.

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As to General Obregon's attitude toward the Church, I do not agree with Mr. Saunders that it was tolerant.

The General, although dying the largest landholder of Mexico, was the head of the agrarian party, which is committed to the policy of breaking up the large landed estates. In actual practice agrarianism has been the confiscation, without compensation, of thousands of hectares of land which were given to the landless as an efficient means of obtaining adherents in a country where any other appeal to the voters would be ineffectual because of their ignorance and lack of preparation in democratic government. Some of these "agraristas" have been supplied with arms at different times to put down the numerous revolts against the government, with the result that time and again a landlord, after being deprived of his best lands (with the growing crops, often) is murdered by the "agraristas," and such murders, needless to say, go unprosecuted. In some sections of the country the clergy expressed themselves strongly against "agrarismo," the very foundation of Obregon's power, thus bringing to a head, as I see it, the conflict between Church and state.

Anyone acquainted with Mexican affairs will admit that Calles was a creature of Obregon. During Calles's administration he was known as the President without a chair, and it is well known that they both were in very close touch.

To be sure Obregon was more diplomatic than Calles, to be sure he realized, as Mr. Saunders states, that the deep discontent in the country was due to the religious laws, but taking into account the General's duplicity and unprincipled character, one would have a right to suspect that he was not so tolerant toward the Church and willing to solve the conflict as he was anxious to break the strength of the Catholic opposition and hoodwink the Church if possible. In the last statement he made, he declared that he would continue the "policies of the Calles administration," and one would be justified in concluding that his catspaw did not reach a decision on any important question without his advice and consent.

In regard to my third point, Mr. Saunders has not explained adequately the reason for Calles's hatred of the Church. This explanation is to be found, I believe, in the fact that Calles is a product of the public schools, where he received what education, or rather instruction, he has had and where, moreover, he taught, thus saturating his mind with the attitude prevalent in them.

In these schools, the clergy, by which was meant the Catholic Church, was represented as an enemy of the institutions of the country, a reactionary force and the ally of traitors. The Reform Laws which deprived the Church of most of her property without compensation, were carefully rationalized: it was right, as my text-book of civics (Instrucción Cívica, by Ezequiel A. Chavez, which anyone may consult at the Forty-Second Street public library) explained, that the Church had been deprived of her property because religious corporations, being devoted to loftier ends, could not manage their property efficiently! (Page 43.)

To understand this attitude one would have to study at length the Church question. Limitations of space here forbid doing so, but I shall refer briefly to some important events in Mexican history which are relevant.

In 1859 the liberals, convinced, as they believed, that the uprisings of the conservatives were financed by the "clergy"—they were careful to distinguish it from the Church—passed the so-called Reform Laws which deprived the Church of most of her property. The conservatives, alarmed at this attack on what they considered the foundation of law and order and despairing at the failure of the republican form of government, sought to set up a monarchy under Maximilian with the aid of French arms. The empire collapsed for reasons which it would not be strictly relevant to state and the conservatives were now something worse than a defeated party: they were traitors. They were expelled and persecuted. The conservative party disappeared forever from the political arena. The primitive mentality of the people (6,000,000 out of a total of 15,000,000 are today living as primitively as the North American Indians in the reservations) combined now the concept of a foreign ruler, the invading French army and the conservative party, allied of course with the "clergy," into one idea of treason to the country. And the Church or clergy, with the invasion and the conservatives, became the fused object of bitter hatred. The liberals were now masters of the country. Education, declared lay and compulsory as early as 1833, had been put in their hands as an excellent medium for propaganda. There were no church schools for a long time or active conservative opinion to give the other point of view. The liberal-controlled schools must needs teach, of course, that the liberals had been right and the conservatives wholly wrong. The uncompromising Latin mentality of the then ruling class could not do otherwise.

Hence the reason for the hatred of the Church, or "clergy," in the mind of President Calles and in others, is the result of a primitive mentality and of several generations of liberal, that is, Mexican liberal, education.

E. R. Pineda.

THE IMPORTANT VICE-PRESIDENT

Holdcroft, Va.

To the Editor:—I noticed the reply of Mr. Charles Willis Thompson in your issue of August 15 to my comments on his article on The Important Vice-President. I thank him for his kind references to me, and only wish that his letter had been as satisfactory in other and more important respects. Though declaring that "the circumstances" would make a reply to my vindication of my father, John Tyler, both "unkind and discourteous," he nevertheless assumes to speak for history, and hands down a verdict which he declares is "settled and certainly finally adverse" to John Tyler. Was this not a reply? Mr. Thompson could not say a discourteous thing, but was it kind?

Mr. Thompson will excuse me for not accepting him as the spokesman of history. Impartial history does not act or talk in his summary manner, but is slow to render a verdict, and its judgments are always open to review and reconsideration. Nothing is ever settled in history until it is settled right, and sometimes it takes a very long time to have the right recognized.

Moreover impartial history is always ready to give its reasons, and, like the law courts, admits no witnesses save concrete facts and measures, the evidence of disinterested persons, the confessions of the party on trial or of his intimate friends, and the admissions in his favor of his enemies—all contemporaries.

In his article Mr. Thompson has produced no evidence except his own and, not being a contemporary and personally never having known President Tyler, his statements have no real historic value whatever. But it does seem to me, speaking reasonably, even if I stand in close relation to Mr. Tyler, that the great measures of his administration which I have cited and the statements of such disinterested contemporaries as Daniel Webster, Charles Dickens and Alexander Stephens,

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and the confessions of such eminent political contemporary enemies as John Quincy Adams and Carl Schurz, must have a considerable weight.

And now I want to relieve Mr. Thompson of any embarrassment on account of my relationship to John Tyler, and invite him to mention, on any fair evidence, any one particular in which John Tyler at any time or at any place proved himself "weak and feeble" or "hurtful" to the interest of his country while President. I wish to make my invitation as broad as possible—I more than invite—I appeal to him—to speak on any evidence whatever except that of political enemies; and failing to do so, I trust that he will come out in public, and, in one of those fine articles which he knows so well how to write, he will have the courage to admit the injustice which he has done the memory of President Tyler.

In conclusion I would say that I would not misrepresent Mr. Thompson in any possible way. I have reread his remarks on the Hoar Bill, and find that he speaks of a "presidential succession," and of "the office" of President devolving upon the Secretaries or the president pro tem of the Senate. Of course, in taking over the office, the Secretaries would take over the duties as well which explains the point made by him.

Nor would I have him suppose for a moment that, in referring to him as "a capital newspaperman," I meant to detract from him in any way. On the contrary, I meant what the words imply—to compliment him as a successful writer. If I have questioned Mr. Thompson's profoundness in United States history and constitutional law, that was no necessary connection with the fact that he is a newspaper writer. I have questioned at other times, and in other connections, the soundness in this respect of many other people who were not at all newspapermen.

LYON G. TYLER.

THE INSPIRATION OF JOHN AYSCOUGH

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editor:—Very respectfully but emphatically I must protest when the Reverend Peter Moran, C. S. P., tells us, in The Commonweal of August 22, that Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew's (John Ayscough) Marotz "was debarred from the Syracuse Public Library as not being a proper inspiration for youth," and that he "agreed with the librarian."

Now Marotz is indeed a tale with a strange and tragic plot, and not intended for extreme youth, but it is rich in some of the most deeply and exquisitely Catholic inspiration to be found anywhere in modern fiction. Who could fail to be inspired by the chapter telling of the regal preparations at the ducal castle for the reception of the King of King's visit to the dying! How many of us today make ready fittingly and according to our means for this great occasion?

How many could fail to be inspired and stirred by Poor Sister, and to find comfort at a time of spiritual dryness? And what of the beautiful tenderness and understanding of the bishop for piteously mistaken Marotz, half crazed by grief and sorrow for her child's salvation? Do we not need strong, flesh-and-blood Catholic literature in these days?

L. E. REGGIO.

The Commonweal regrets that the pressure of matter scheduled for publication in this issue is such as to make it necessary to suspend Mr. R. Dana Skinner's article on the theatre, and likewise to defer Mr. Philip Kates's The Myth of the Temporal Power, which was announced for this week. Mr. Skinner's department will be resumed next week.

BOOKS

Toward Siberia

Embattled Borders, by E. Alexander Powell. New York: The Century Company. $3.50.

Incredible Siberia, by Junius B. Wood. New York: The Dial Press. $4.00.

PRESENT affairs considered, there are no countries more likely to habituate the armchair traveler to indecent reading hours than those of eastern Europe and the giant to the north for whose favor they are all a little eager and a little afraid to flirt. What excitement in the desperate and high-handed game played by a handful of dictators, regents and prime ministers! What satisfactory irony in the fact that the millions whom they temporarily rule care not too greatly who wins, provided nothing happens to keep them from living in at least as much comfort as their fathers before them. It is timely work, then, that has been done by Mr. Powell, who writes a political history with a bit of travel thrown in, and Mr. Wood, whose book is an entertaining social history mixed with not too much politics.

Aroused by the "so ominous despatches," the "so sinister yet contradictory rumors" coming from eastern European capitals, Mr. Powell motored from Italy and the Adriatic situation to Finland and the Baltic, meaning to discover what it was all about and to write a book. He talked with all the political leaders, diplomats and newspapermen he could find (the names of more than fifty decorate his list of acknowledgments) threw all the propaganda with which he was bombarded into the wastebasket, and arrived at the conclusion that "in the near future the map of central Europe must be redrawn. The danger is that if this is delayed too long, the redrawing will be done with the bayonet instead of with the pen."

Among the alterations which Mr. Powell believes inevitable if peace is to be preserved in eastern Europe, are the restoration to Hungary of those territories in which the Magyars predominate, especially the lands turned over to Roumania and Czecho-Slovakia; the much-discussed union of Germany with Austria; and the restoration of Danzig, together with the northern end of the Polish corridor to Germany. In order that the Poles may not be done out altogether of their outlet to the sea, they should be permitted to retain Gydnia, their new port west of Danzig, "in the form of a small enclave, the port being connected with their main railway system by a short line crossing German territory, uninterrupted railway communication across this intervening strip of German soil being secured by treaty." Bitter medicine for Poland, but Mr. Powell, who avows sympathy for her ambitions, is sure that it will have a wholesome effect on her political health. "The chief cause of friction between the two countries being removed, her relations with Germany would become amiable and might become even friendly."

As if occasionally wearying of politics, Mr. Powell pauses in his argument now and then to discuss the tribulations of motoring in Jugoslavia, the hospitality of the Hungarian nobility, the popularity of bathing beaches in Latvia and the ways of bootleggers in Finland. The book loses nothing of its value as an exposition of the situation, and gains immensely in readability as the result of such touches. No unkindness to Mr. Powell is intended in expressing the hope that he will soon do a book on eastern Europe containing nothing else.

Part of the task which Junius Wood has assigned himself is to show that the Russia which adds so much to the worries

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of Mr. Powell's little nations still looks, in keeping with her history, to the East. Siberia has grown tremendously in population of late, despite the fact that trains are slower than ever, and the decrepit river boats have given up the pretense of a schedule. It has become familiar with such things as electric lights and agricultural machinery. It has made progress. But "progress in Soviet Russia seems a coping or veneer, starting at the top and leaving the bottom to take care of itself." In the rapidly expanding Siberian towns, new public office buildings come before homes. The unpaved streets are deep in mud. Homeless children shiver in the scant protection of doorways. From these the eye can look up to towering cubistic forms in steel and concrete to be inspired anew with confidence in the present, and hope, no doubt, for the future. "We're trying to put American hustle and methods into Siberia," Tovarish Schukin told Mr. Wood. "We call Novosibirsk the Chicago of Siberia."

But this is only the smaller part of Mr. Wood's story. He selects for his major emphasis a picture of the people, what they are doing these days, what they are saying about themselves and the outside world, how they are getting along. And considering the sort of book he must have been tempted to write about so vast a country, of such varied interests and so entertaining a history, it is a fortunate selection he has made.

Incredible Siberia is not so much the record of a trip as it is a collection of scenes from the common life which are, apparently, typical. Mr. Wood gets very close to that life. He travels by slow train, by horse and by river boat. He sleeps on the hard floors of farmhouses. He stops to lunch with the peasants coming home from the fields, or to drink sour mare's milk with the Oyoot herdsmen. And he lets them talk.

Nothing exciting happened to him. Perhaps because he was too sceptical of Siberian fauna, past and present, he saw no wolves, no bears, not even a frozen mastodon. And he stayed out of jail.

In spite of this, however, the trip had some glorious moments. Better than a thousand adventures was to sit with the Three Postmen of Biisk of an afternoon, drinking rye beer by the hour, until a Siberian cabby should encourage a horse to eat his passenger's grass cushion, and then himself offer a toast, quite simply and beautifully, to the roads of the U. S. A.

VINCENT ENGELS.

Religion in a New Novel

L'Homme Qui Ressuscita d'Entre les Vivants, par Joseph Wilbois. Paris: Editions Spes.

THIS is perhaps the most piquant of the half-dozen books that have so far appeared in the collection La Nef (Nouvel Essor Français) that is being sponsored by the review, les Lettres, with the aim of expressing "the characteristic tendencies of the Catholic literary renaissance." It is particularly interesting to those living outside of France who wish to have intimate knowledge of the social and intellectual life of the Catholic bourgeoisie during the third republic, when "official" France has been, if not entirely anti-Christian, hostile to the Church. M. Wilbois is a moralist and there is acerbity edging much of the bright elegance of his prose. He is a philosopher who has given much study to social ethics, and he has, like all propagandists of the day, appropriated the novel simply in order to give persuasive substance to his speculations. It is significant that Georges Goyau has taken notice of the book in a long review that appeared in les Nouvelles Littéraires.

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He comments on it as a thesis rather than a story, and describes it as "a relentless reaction against the concerted frivolity that deliberately seeks to exclude from the field of literature the social consequences of sin."

Brought up in a pious bourgeois family and educated in clerical schools, Wilbois's hero has, notwithstanding, never been touched interiorly by religion. "In our home, God was enveloping, not interior. . . . The Christianity of my parents was practically the servant of national and class prejudices." His teachers were timid, anxious to please, first of all, the Minister of Public Instruction and parents "who demanded only diplomas." They taught profane knowledge according to "the program and the methods of public instruction that declares itself unbiased but which in truth is anti-Christian." Religious instruction consisted of a scornful apologetic. "My professor imposed his doctrines on me, and though they were orthodox all right, he dictated them to me in such a way that I took an abiding distaste for them; as for the doctrines of others, he made such caricatures of them, in his zeal to refute them, that for twenty years I was never able to understand why such asses as Spinoza and Kant had the renown they did."

Avid of ideas, the young man, after playing with the sociological theories of his day and with modernism, abandons dogma and the philosophy based on it and seeks an explanation of life in science and in modern thought. And with belief in a definite dogma gone, moral too goes. "Laïcism" becomes a faith and a moral for him, a "magnificent faith and moral." And it is here that the didactic tone begins to become dominant in the narrative. M. Wilbois wants to show that unless our actions proceed from the proper development of our interior life they bring us, and those around us, irreparable harm. His hero becomes a husband and a father, and his sceptical dilettantism extends to and corrupts his wife and son, until, in the end, the consequences of his sin are the heartbreak and madness of the one and the dishonor and suicide of the other. Awakened by his experiences, he has sought the Faith again, first by reason, then by contemplation with the mystics and the Christian Fathers, finally, when death has completely crushed him, by prayer and grace. He walks off, at last, into the fog of the Paris boulevards, an old man with his life behind him in ruins, an old man who has found that "the perfect joy is not in the gift of sciences, or of languages, or of prophecies, or of miracles; but when, knocking at some door to be admitted, you are left standing in the snow, hungry, beaten and bruised, treated as an imposter, and when, accepting everything as just, you suffer all for the love of Christ who only waited your admission to touch others' hearts in your regard, then—O fool! O scholar! O wretched one! O you who are happy!—you know the perfect joy."

It is the first part of the book, which describes the Catholic middle-class milieu of the end of the century, that is the more attractive; in the latter half of the book, where the author becomes plainly preoccupied with the moral of his allegory, character and action become attenuated and almost disappear in ideology. There is a train of retribution when the story itself is pursued that is rigorous, even forbidding. But there is something of the winsome indolence of a man lingering among his personal memories in the pages describing the ceremony of "la Fête-Dieu" and the chill elegances that surrounded the children of the wealthy class of that period. Such pages, unfortunately, are few—just enough to leave the reader with the conviction that M. Wilbois could, if he turned his hand to it, achieve something notable in a work of pure imagination. But there is attraction of a high kind in his analysis of his

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hero's intellectual and spiritual experiences. They have the vitality of true adventures and are related with the precision of factual histories. To observe this soul erring along all the devious roads of doubt, to watch the drama of egoism and humility being played out in the profound and secret places of consciousness, all this is perhaps the most fascinating, as it is certainly the noblest, story its author could have told us. It deserves a high place in the precious literature that has been written about man's troubled search for God.

DOUGLAS POWERS.

The Reich from Inside

Germany Ten Years After, by George H. Danton. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

AT THE invitation of the Saxon Ministry of Public Instruction, Professor Danton accepted an exchange professorship at the University of Leipzig from Tsing Hua University, Pekin, China, for the academic year, 1925-1926. Owing to the unsettled state of China, the exchange professor from Leipzig did not go to China, so that Professor Danton lectured at Leipzig as "Gastprofessor," but only for the first half of the academic year. The second half he spent in lecturing at the University of Berlin.

Danton's Germany Ten Years After is not what one would expect from the title. As the author states, he has tried to answer the type of questions which were asked him in Europe, America and finally in China, about Germany. While his reactions to these questions are purely personal, he feels that they interpret correctly and fairly the opinions and moods of those with whom he has come into contact. But he admits that he got into touch with student opinion rather more than he expected, and he found it more difficult to get into touch with laboring classes, except incidentally. Considering that Professor Danton lectured at the leading universities of Prussia and Saxony, the two most radical German states of the post-war period, a more intimate contact with labor and its point of view might have added a touch of piquancy to his penetrating and fascinating book. This lack is all the more regrettable because what the book does offer is so genuine, so superior to most that has been written on the subject.

But, though Professor Danton limits his efforts to the description and analysis of intellectual Germany, his approach is invitingly human rather than prohibitively learned. One's understanding of the Germans, as of all peoples, he intimates, is too often determined by factors which have little to do with the people whom we are endeavoring to understand. For instance: "If a somewhat anti-German traveler comes to Germany via France, he may feel the reaction [of his own emotional attitude to the Germans] even more strongly; indeed, as he will have to pay in a stabilized currency for what he gets, and pay high prices, he may not realize how much his judgment is affected by the financial aspect of the matter." By the same token the traveler, "if he is bibulously inclined . . . may postulate, from the general European attitude toward alcohol, a social freedom which is really not at hand, or, contrariwise, if his insularity increases in direct ratio to the distance from home, as is often the case, he may find nothing whatsoever to his fancy."

This admission implies the promise that whatever extraneous factors tend to make up what is called the personal equation, or to establish what may be termed an emotional determinism, will be rigorously excluded from the work undertaken by the author. With such an approach the reader of Germany Ten

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Years After is quite within his rights in expecting an unbiased treatment of Germany's present-day political and economic reactions, its schools and universities, the students and their problems, some post-war effects on theatres and literature and its intellectual vitality. In the opinion of the reviewer, who has grown to manhood in pre-war Germany, who has visited Germany since the war and has devoted the last four years to an exhaustive study of Germany's post-war government and political organization, the reader will not be disappointed in his expectations. To the reviewer the reading of Professor Danton's book has been a rare pleasure.

If the book has fallen short of the promises of its title in one direction, it has struck the balance in another. For it not only offers a vivid picture of Germany's present-day intellectual life and endeavor, but projects that picture against a well-blended background of European, Oriental and American civilization.

JOHANNES MATTERN.

Jeremiah among the Jesuits

The Political Economy of Juan de Mariana, by John Laures, S.J. New York: Fordham University Press. $3.00.

THE important part taken by money in the development of modern industrial and relatively capitalistic Europe is often referred to but never fully understood. Nor can it ever be clarified unless historians take into account the position and activity of Spain, relying not upon prejudiced commentaries for their information but upon authentic original sources. This is why Father John Laures's study of Mariana is of the greatest value to the student of economic history. It is one of three or four recent books which enter courageously into a vast and forgotten territory, map out findings with skill no less than with honesty, and triumph in their tale of riches. The present book, however, has still other virtues. It is the first complete and impartial study of an interesting and embattled figure. It is also most helpful in suggesting the relations that exist between economic thought of several centuries past and the theories which invite consideration in our own time.

Father Mariana was, no doubt, frequently enough a thorn in the side of his superiors, both civil and ecclesiastical. Born in 1536 and educated at the University of Alcala, he was among the first to join the Society of Jesus. Soon he had acquired a reputation as a professor of philosophy and theology in Rome, Paris and elsewhere, and his knowledge of history made him a favorite with statesmen. His health having failed, Mariana retired to the seclusion of a professed house at Toledo, but his really arresting deeds were only now to begin. In 1592 he published his history of Spain, and some time later was invited by Philip II to write a treatise "on the prince" for the instruction of the heir to the throne. This second work was well received until it was found to contain the notorious justification of tyrannicide which has been associated with Mariana's memory ever since, and to which the general of the Jesuits, Claudius Aquaviva, immediately took exception.

Curiously enough the Spanish authorities accepted this dangerous teaching with good grace. It was only after the publication of a treatise on fiscal policy—De Monetae Mutatione—that royal anger was manifested. This book denounced an adulteration of the coinage by Philip III, adding a discussion of monetary right and wrong, taxation and the king's authority. The author was cast into prison, he was examined by the Inquisition, and his treatise was badly emasculated. In the end, however, he was freed, only to discover that in the

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interim a pamphlet written in criticism of the Society of Jesus had been stolen from his desk and published. This led to no rupture of relations, and was indeed inspired by that abnormal asceticism and roughness of character which characterized the man throughout life.

All this is dealt with lucidly in Father Laures's book, the chief purpose of which is, of course, to set forth the political economy of Mariana and to correlate it with other teachings by Spanish Jesuits. How to explain the origin of social organization was naturally an important problem to men who had, on the one hand, to account for royal authority and, on the other, to limit it in accordance with social welfare. By expounding with singular ability the traditional scholastic view, Suarez settled the queston in the best manner possible in his age—a manner far superior, incidentally, to the method of Mariana, who, nevertheless, scored a point in his appeal to the "facts of history." Curiously enough, the very illogicalities of Mariana's position appeal to a modern reader, who is likely to feel that the "transfer" of sovereignty from the people to a ruler is never complete.

None of the "sovereign powers" interested Mariana so much as did taxation. Here was a tangle of moral precept and possible wrongdoing—a test case of the ruler's duty to serve the common good. Again the whole question was buried among conflicting opinions and hazy precedents. In company with his fellow Jesuits, Mariana elaborated a theory which deserves to be considered permanently valuable. Father Laures concludes that "all the elements of modern fiscal science were applied, or at any rate known, by the Spanish Jesuits." Their definitions enumerate "the substantial requisites of a tax." Almost all the principles and canons of taxation are contained in the three "conditions" they set down as necessary to a just tax. In several important respects, they not only anticipated Adam Smith but developed points of view superior to his own.

It is a pleasure to welcome this genuine contribution to genuine research in history, made by a young Jesuit who came to this country from abroad to study for his degree at Columbia University, and who is to spend the rest of his life teaching in the missionary country of Japan. The quality of the work is attested in a foreword by Professor Seligman, who says: "He has, in my opinion, given us a distinct contribution and has enriched the history of economic doctrines with a noteworthy study." I believe it should be of interest to many readers who are not economists in the strict sense, because of the light it throws upon a notable phase of the scholastic effort to understand man's place in the universe.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

The Faith of a Man of Letters

Castles in Spain, by John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

JOHN GALSWORTHY is a man of letters, and he might well have entitled this collection The Faith of a Man of Letters. Of course it would be absurd to say that Mr. Galsworthy's plays and novels are uninfluenced by the ideas which he sets forth arrestingly in these new essays. Previously they were a part of the panorama of life; they were not the basis of his novels. The war, however, removed any doubts he had on the validity of modern civilization. Like Paul Valéry and so many other continental writers, shocked by the awful débâcle of war, Galsworthy is to be found, in Castles in Spain, searching for fundamental ideas that may guide mankind from a future war of greater proportions.

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In his discussion, with its appreciation for international thought, he is conscious of an impasse. His paper on International Thought, though, has confidence that the writers of various countries, by interchange of thought, can do much to correct racial prejudices and bring about better understanding. For instance, he suggests that force has always ruled human life—but if sufficient strength could be placed in a body of international opinion, force could be transferred from armed violence to this controlling power of world opinion. This he admits would require a long time of patient struggle and education, but he thinks it is worth any pains and amount of time to accomplish.

Turning to his delightful literary comment, we find again his concern with sound values in letters and life. Here are his appreciation and reminiscences of Conrad. Galsworthy knew his dead friend longer—and probably more intimately—than anybody else in England. Included in the personal observations are a number of interesting quotations from letters to Mr. Galsworthy and his wife. These alone are illuminating details on the manner of man Conrad was. To those who have that common curiosity to know how writers work, there are masterly discussions of methods of treating materials, and Conrad's struggle to achieve the perfection he set for himself. Another study that reports Conrad's turn to the theatre and the adaptation of his stories, is a revelation of the difference in craft needed for the demands of theatre and the demands of novel technique. As a practitioner in both forms, these discriminations of the varying technique are uncommonly fine criticism.

His critical review of contemporary letters in Time, Tides and Tastes, is a salutary survey of letters to offset the excessive praise which has been accepted as criticism today. When the fashions have swept on, he says, not writers of books, but a Tess, an Esther Waters, a Mr. Polly, a Babbitt, will be what will possibly be remembered. These are outspoken essays with an unexpected humor that is ingratiating. They are decidedly a challenge to our age.

EDWIN CLARK.

Two Poet-Priests

Louis le Cardonnel, by Phyllis Aykroyd. Dublin: Hodges Figgis and Company. 6s.

The Poetry of Father Tabb. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.00.

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The one criticism that may be leveled against Dr. Litz's edition is the handling of the poems in an anthological fashion according to sentiment and qualification, rather than chronological order. It is confusing to find poems dated in the nineties preceding poems written in the eighties: this adds difficulty to the work of any student desiring to trace the evolution in the poet's mind or manner as the years advance, whatever may be said for the fashion, followed so successfully by William Cullen Bryant, of grading poetry under such chapter

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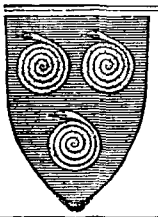

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Here are all the lovely things which will be sure of warm welcome among the widely scattered tribes of Tabb lovers. From this collection it will be easier to estimate the poet's high place in American literature, as well as to assign him the rank he deserves among modern singers in English.

An interesting contemporary of Father Tabb, who was born in Virginia in 1845, is the French symbolist poet, Louis le Cardonnel, born at Valence in 1862. The curious insistence of this son of an old French family on the Irish origins of his progenitors, who are declared to have been O'Donnells settled in France from the cathedral-building ages, is vindicated in the markedly Celtic character of much of his early poetry. He came to Paris at a time when, as Ferdinand Brunetière ironically declared: "Les Saint-Graals sont préféré aux Odyssées trop précises." Exoticism was the mode of the day, and it was Le Cardonnel who voiced the Gaelic sadness, the Gaelic dream of mist and fancy, that we have come to know in English through Yeats and his fellows. There is exquisite idealism and some naïveté in these Irish poems written from far-away France and Italy, for Le Cardonnel never visited either England or Ireland, which had formed so large a part in his exquisite softness of style and the spiritual purity of his fancy.

Like Father Tabb, Le Cardonnel became a priest of the Church. In 1888 he entered the Sulpician Seminary at Issy-les-Moulineaus, and left it without orders at the end of two years; later he renewed his sacerdotal studies in the French seminary in Rome, where he was ordained priest on December 11, 1896.

Friend of artists and participant in the poetical groups and journalistic schools that feverishly debated French prosodies and French poetries, he yet removed himself from the circles that Brunetière denominated as more anxious about publicity than about poetry. As curé in the diocese of his native Valence he has passed the succeeding years, returning for a long residence, 1906-1909, in Assisi, for whose saint he showed unusual devotion. His audience with the saintly and humble Pius X is remembered for a beautiful moment in which the Pope lifted him from kissing his slipper with the remarkable words of meekness, "Ta messe vaut la mienne." In later years Le Cardonnel has resided in his native Valence.

Here we have a great Catholic poet, with all the finest attributes of modern French art and culture, with remarkable endowments for poetry, its interpretations, its mystical creation and its ultimate holiness, still living in a France whose literature he has seen gradually reformed from its unbeliefs, its paganisms and its obscenities. He is a distinguished figure in this reform of French literary conscience, standing in the long line of that tradition of Christian literature whose ranks in France have shone with glory in the culture of the Church.

THOMAS WALSH.

CONTRIBUTORS

MARY AUSTIN is the author of The Land of Little Rain; Christian Italy; The Trail Book; The American Rhythm; The Basket Woman; The Arrow Maker; and other books. She resides at Santa Fé, New Mexico.

STANLEY J. KUNITZ is a new contributor to The Commonweal.

HOFFMAN NICKERSON is an American historian, author of The Inquisition; Warfare; and The Turning Point of the Revolution.

VAUGHN FRANCIS MEISLING is a member of the staff of the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

VINCENT ENGELS is an instructor of English at the University of Notre Dame.

DOUGLAS POWERS is a critic and book reviewer, residing at Tucson, Arizona.

JOHANNES MATTERN is a member of the faculty of Johns Hopkins University and author of several standard treatises on phases of political science.

EDWIN CLARK is a book reviewer for the New York press.

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